THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For NOVEMBER, 1794.

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Ornamented with, 1 A beautiful Engraving to illustrate our Letters on Fox Hunting, descriptive of DRAWING COVER; and 2. An Etching of a Recent SPORTING DISASTER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By E. Rider, Little Britain.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, near St. Paul's; at WILLIAM BURREL'S Circulating Library, Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Drawing of the Dog, (of which our *Darlington Correſpondent* has given us the Particulars, and which, with ſome few Alterations, will be found in our preſent Number) will be acceptable, provided it is properly executed.

We ſhould be happy to oblige our *North Country Friend*, who ſigns himſelf *Aſtoniſhment*, with a little *blue*, as he terms it, to qualify him for a *Fox-hunting Dinner*, did we not think the generality of our Readers would look rather *black* upon us for it; *Modeſty* is at leaſt a commendable qualification; therefore, the Accuſation brought againſt us, by this Correſpondent, of being *too much ſo*, we rather think will operate to our advantage.

The Gentleman who has favoured us at different times with Pedigrees of Horſes, and other intereſting Articles, certainly claims our Thanks, and we are only ſorry the neceſſity of introducing a Variety in our Performance, puts it out of our power to inſert more than what we now do, in each Publication; with reſpect to his Idea of a Portraiture of Dutcheſs, we muſt for the preſent decline, having already executed ſeveral Plates, which we think will be more approved of.

The Compoſitions of a ſcribbling *Maniac*, received this Month, we think it our duty to inform him, are depoſited in the place he wiſhed them; but, (unleſs he is deprived by his Relatives of the freedom of acceſs to this Temple) we will thank him in future to diſpoſe of them himſelf.

A. B. is received, and ſhall be attended to.

The Letter from *Worceſter*, without any Signature, is ſo well written, that we have only to regret the writer did not favour us with ſomething applicable to our Plan, inſtead of aſking whether any Articles from him would be acceptable: our wiſhes are for ſuch Communications, and they will at all times have as much attention paid to them as the ſubjects merit.

If the Gentleman who writes from Exeter, or any of his Friends, will apply to the Bookſellers at that place, they may be ſupplied with our Magazine, either *Monthly* or in *Sets*—for the Price, and other Particulars, we refer him to the *back of the Cover of our preſent Number*.

Several other Pieces are under conſideration.

Cook sc.

DRAWING COVER.

Published Dec.r 1st 1794 by J. Wheeble, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, LONDON.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For NOVEMBER 1794.

The Progress of FOX HUNTING.

With an elegant Copper-plate, representing

DRAWING COVER.

ONE of the engravings for our last month's Magazine was

EARTH STOPPING.

And this has led our ingenious artist to pursue the idea of giving in the present, and the three or four following Numbers,

THE PROGRESS OF FOX HUNTING.

That which we ha[illegible] this month to offer, is

DRAWIN[illegible] COVER.

Next month w[illegible] shall give

BR[illegible]KING COVER.

And f[illegible]on, to

[illegible]HE DEATH OF THE FOX.

We deem it an useless task to enter into particulars, or to give a description of the subject of each of these copper-plates; our readers being already possessed of every ample illustration of them in the various letters of ACASTUS, that have appeared in the course of our work. Suffice it, that the *designs* shall have justice done them by the Engraver, who cannot but be highly gratified in having to exercise his art from drawings of such spirited conception, and approved taste.

THEATRICAL BULLS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I consider the many blunders, misconceptions, mistakes, and errors, which are occasioned by the force of imagination; when I consider that it leads us into a false opinion of the magnitude and multitude, longitude and latitude, both of men and things; when I con-

ſider how apt people are to conſult their fancy, rather than their judgment, and to prefer the weak creations of the former to the wiſe reſults of the latter; when I conſider that the eye of the mind is ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes with that of the body, and that the mediums of ſight being often falſe, do reflect objects in a hideous deſtorted form; finally, Sir, when I conſider the vaſt ſuperiority of *reality* to *fiction*, of nature to act, and of a living dog to a dead lion, I congratulate the public that the managers of our theatres have determined to ſubſtitute *real* for fictitious appearances.

Proofs of their good ſenſe in this reſpect, indeed, appeared ſome time ago. We were entertained with a *real* fox chaſe, a *real* boxing match, a *real* river, and *real* horſes; but the falſe taſte of the town, and the pitiful carping of newſpaper-writers, a ſet of fellows who deal in nothing that is real *(exceptis excipiendis)* prevented ſuch laudable endeavours from being crowned with all the ſucceſs they merited. It was with great ſatisfaction, therefore, that I witneſſed the revival of that happy taſte, in the introduction of *real* horſes and *real* bulls in the new pantomime.—Too much have we been attentive to the two-legged creation. May the motto of our future theatres be "Good entertainment for man and horſe."

With regard to horſes, I was under no apprehenſion for their ſucceſs on the Britiſh ſtage, becauſe of the eaſe with which they are taught to walk minuets, frighten taylors, boil tea-kettles, and pick pockets in the riding-ſchools. But I had my fear about the bulls; I doubted whether that vicious untractable animal, in which I perceived no dramatic genious could be brought to

"——do all that may become a man."

and I ſhould have abſolutely deſpaired of their ſucceſs, if it had not been ſuggeſted to me, that for many years paſt, they have afforded vaſt amuſement to many thouſand inhabitants of the metropolis, by terrifying old women, overturning wheelbarrows, and other harlequin tricks, which very naturally pointed out their uſe in that ſpecies of entertainment. I am happy, therefore, that they have been introduced upon the ſtage with ſo much applauſe, there can be no doubt, as an eminent critic obſerves, that "when they become mellow in their parts, and are familiarized to a London audience," (for I underſtand they have hitherto performed only in the country) they will meet with the encouragement due to honeſt induſtry, in a liberal profeſſion. Hitherto, Gentlemen, it is a notorious fact, that our four-legged performers have been vile paſteboard imitations, of which you might ſay, as of a cat, "that you had nothing but the *ſkin*." It was very difficult to get performers who could roar, neigh, bray, or ſqueak in a natural manner, or ſo as to enable us to diſtinguiſh between one beaſt and another. It pains every man who adopts the preſent taſte, to reflect how imperfect the play of Hamlet is for want of a cock, and that the ghoſt walks off for no other reaſon, than becauſe he has no more to ſay.

There are, however, hopes that taſte for *realities* will pervade every department of the ſtage, and that we ſhall no longer behold ſuch a groſs violation of probability, as a company obliged to partake of a wooden leg of

of mutton and chalk turnips, in the neighbourhood of Clare and Covent Garden market. It has ſhocked me much to ſee boys brought up to no better trade than to be legs to a peacock, or wag the ſnout of an elephant. The phraſe "his Majeſty's Company," will be more appropriate, if a contract was made with the keeper of the Tower, for the uſe of noble animals there. With the Nemean lion, Hercules might be "himſelf again." The ſtudy of natural hiſtory, the nobleſt which can engage the mind of man, would again become popular; becauſe it would be for our intereſt to exalt the brute creation. Buffoon would ſucceed to the obſolete Shakeſpeare, and our play-bills be graced with Linnæan names. The liberality of our managers forbids me to ſay any thing of expence, nor can that, in the preſent caſe, be an object. A few of the fields beyond White Conduit Houſe might be made into a *green*-room, at a very trifling expence, and the performers, unlike the others, might be fed and taught at the ſame time.

But I truſt that a taſte for *real* objects will not ſtop at the animal creation. In a few years, I do not deſpair to ſee the curtain drawn up to *real* ſcenery. We have already ſeen a *river*; the banks cannot be far off. Why not *real* garden, *real* farm-houſes, (here our animals appear "as natural as life") and now and then a *real* ſheep-ſhearing. It would be ſuperfluous to ſay how much preferable this would be to the preſent ſyſtem of things. Often when I have happened to ſit in the ſtage-box, have I been ſhocked to hear the deception entirely deſtroyed by the bawling behind the ſcenes,—"where is the *Farmer's yard!* —Raiſe that *Swiſs Mountain* a little higher;—Here, you ſir, bring up the *river*;—Take care, theſe *clouds* will fall upon you;—D—n my blood, what have you done with the *moonlight?*—Come, bear a hand—Is the *peacock* ready? One of the *legs* is at the Brown Bear, *giving bail*;—Have you got all the *waves* ready?—Lift that village this way, can't you?—There, put the *ſmoke* over it;—Take care it don't rub againſt any thing, for it is *wet* yet."

This, you muſt allow, is very horrid; yet I am not ſo unreaſonable as to expect that every thing ſhould be *real*;—Thunder and lightning, ſhowers of fire, and ſtorms at ſea, may be done in the old way. Something muſt be left for the imagination. The marſhal's truncheon may ſtill be a ſtationer's ruler, and I have no objection to a dozen of ſceneſhifters repreſenting a whole regiment, becauſe I can ſuppoſe that it is the *end of a campaign* with them. As to other natural objects, ſuch as ſpendthrift heirs, fooliſh lords, demi-rep dutcheſſes, &c. &c. if it ſhould be required to have them *real*, I apprehend it may be done without the neceſſity of building our theatres on a larger ſcale than the preſent.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.
A Lover of Nature.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

IGBOROW,

NOVEMBER 10th, 1794.

SIR John Sebright's Pitch-gree won againſt Mr. Micklethwaite's Juniper, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Denton's Nimble won agſt Mr. Nelthorpe's Kate, 1 gui.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jemima won againft Mr. Nelthorpe's Kidnapper, 1 gui.

Mr. Denton's Nutcracker won againft Mr. Nelthorpe's King Herod, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's (Ruffel) Knight Errant won againft Mr. Micklethwaite's Juno, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's (Ruffel) Knowledge won againft Mr. Denton's Native, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's (Ruffel) Knowledge againft Mr. Denton's Nimrod, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Coppin's Unicorn againft Mr. Nelthorpe's Kitty, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Coppin's Upftart, won agft Mr. Nelthorpe's Knife, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Urfula againft Mr. Nelthorpe's Katharine, 1 gui. undecided.

WESTACRE.

TUESDAY the 11th.

Greyhounds entered for the Cup.

Mr. Stead's Sport won againft Mr. Holt's Brafs.

Mrs. Coke's Sirius won againft Mr. Woodley's Whiff.

Mr. Crow's Sagina won againft Mr. Forby's Zenobia.

Mr. Hallet's Sable won againft Mr. Colhoun's Afra.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jemima won againft Lord Afhbrook's Steal-away.

Marquis Townfhend's Emperor won againft Mr. Hare's Rhino.

Mr. Hamond's Quirk won agft Mr. Pottenger's Drone.

Mr. Maynard's If won againft Mr. Coppin's Ufurer.

MATCHES.

Sir John Sebright's Pettycoat won agft Mr. Coppin's Ubique.

Mr. Crowe's Slender againft Mr. Forby's Zadock, 1 gui undecided.

Sir John Sebright's Plaything againft Mr. Maynard's Intrepid, 1 and 1 bye undecided.

Mr. Stead's Slip againft Mr. Maynard's Ilre, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Crowe's Sabina won againft Mr. Pottinger's Dumplin, 1 gui.

Marquis Townfhend's Elegant won againft Mr. Forby's Zibia, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Palamon won againft Mr. Crowe's Shylock, 1 gui.

SMEE.

WEDNESDAY the 12th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Crowe's Sagina won agft Mr. Stead's Sport.

Mr. Hallet's Sable won againft Mr. Michlethwaite's Jemima.

Mr. Hamond's Quirk won agft Mr. Coppin's Ufurer.

Mrs. Coke's Sirius won againft Marquis Townfhend's Emperor.

MATCHES.

Sir John Sebright's Pafteboard won againft Mr. Maynard's Imogen, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jumper againft Mr. Parfon's Money-Mufk, 1 and 1 bye, undecided.

Sir John Sebright's Pincufhion won againft Mr. Maynard's Iphis, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Coppin's Utility won agft Mr. Woodley's Warhoop, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Hare's Two Puppies agft Mr. Forby's Two Puppies, 1 gui. each off.

2d. SMEE.

THURSDAY the 13th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Crowe's Sagina won agft Mr. Hallet's Sable.

Mr. Hamond's Quirk won agft Mrs. Coke's Sirius.

MATCHES.

Mr. Stead's Sweetbriar. againft Sir John Sebright's Pettycoat, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zoilus won againft Mr. Cooper's Xanthus, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Plaything, won againft Mr. Coppin's Unity, 1 gui.

Mr.

Mr. Coppin's Utility won agst Mr. Hare's Rebus, 1 gui.

Mr. Parson's Mary won against Mr. Hare's Royal, 1 gui.

Mr. Stead's Slip won against Mrs. Coke's Spanker, 1 gui.

2d. WESTACRE.

FRIDAY the 14th.

Greyhounds for the Cup.

Mr. Crowe's Sagina won agst Mr. Hamond's Quirk.

Sagina wins the Cup.

MATCHES.

Sir John Sebright's Pincushion won against Mr. Stead's Slip, 1 gui.

Mr. Nelthorpe's Knapsack won against Mr. Crowe's Sycorax, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Utility won agst Sir John Sebright's Pantomime, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Zadock won agst Mr. Hyde's Yankee, 1 gui.

Mr. Woodley's Wildfire won against Sir John's Sebright's Palamon, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr. Coppin's Useful won agst Mr. Forby's Zelinda, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Pettycoat won against Mr. Coppin's Utility, 1 gui.

Mrs. Coke's Snip won against Mr. Crowe's Snake, 1 gui.

Mr. Colhoun's Abra against Mr. Coppin's Upstart, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Forby's (Bolton) Zeleuco won against Sir John Sebright's Pasteboard, 1 and 1 bye.

FORFEITS.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter to Mr. Woodley's Weaver.

Mr. Crowe's Puppy to Sir John Sebright's Puppy.

On Names.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

PLEASE to attend to the following extract of a letter from a very honest farmer in Herefordshire, to his son in town, dated October 29, 1794.

"I wish you all happiness, my dear Tom, in the married state, but I confess that when I read your wife's name, *Regina Matilda*, I expected a much greater fortune than she has brought to you; however, if you are pleased with one another, I have no reason to be otherwise.

Here you see, Gentlemen, the force of a name!—This worthy tiller of the ground could not suppose but that such a fabric of sentimentility as *Regina Matilda* must be butteressed by at least five or six thousand pounds, and, indeed, I am of opinion, that no person ought to be allowed to christen his child by such name, unless he can leave them an adequate fortune. Little did the farmer think that his son had married the daughter of a publican at Whitechapel, "draught of porter, three butts per week, wine and spirits in proportion!"

But his mistake was natural enough. Alas! where are we to meet with our good old English Betty's and Sally's! Even Thomas's and John's must now yield to Fredericks and Augustuses. Scarce a *christian* name to be found in the baptismal registers; and one would swear that a marriage certificate was an extract from a sentimental novel, or that the *banns* contained the *dramatis personæ* of a genteel comedy. But how is all this to be supported? Do parents think that such names are attended with no extra expences?—Fatal mistake! The gown that will fit *Betty* well enough, will never do with *Maria*, and how can we expect that *Clementina* should be satisfied with the pocket expences of *Margery*. I have five daughters; four

four have good old common-sense names, but I was persuaded to call the fifth *Emma*, and she has cost me more than all the rest put together.—Her very name is a free admission to every ball and route in the parish. Lately, indeed, she received two mortifications, whereat I am not very sorry. It has been discovered that the taylor's daughter at the corner of the street is *Laura Matilda*: and what is worse yet, she had the satisfaction to read in a late paper that *Emma* Jenkins was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing *pint pots*.

A friend of mine very conversant in the manners of the West end of the town, accounts from poor people's children being *sentimentally* named in the following manner: *John*, who has lived as a footman at Lord ——'s house, and *Betty* the lady's maid, agreed to make a match. Betty receives from my lady as a marriage portion, certain articles of apparel. John profits in like manner from the bounty of my Lord. Mere gratitude, therefore, inclines them to give the names of this noble family to their offspring. Hence a race of *Sans Cullottes* Fredericks, and Augustuses and abundance of shift-less *Anna Maria's*, *Laura's* and *Emma Matilda's!*—What is the consequence? John takes a public-house, and drinks all his own liquors. In due time he proceeds upon the highway, and is hanged.—*Anna Maria* is traced to the purlieus of St. Giles's, and *Emma Matilda* for the benefit of her health is sent to Port Jackson, while *Laura*, for the good of her country, is stationed on Saltpetre bank. *Sic transit gloria!*

After having said so much on this absurdity, I shall only humbly propose that all parents shall be prohibited from giving their children *sentimental* names, unless they can give security that they shall not come upon the parish. The dignity of novels and romances requires at least this at their hands. I am, &c.

HUMPHREY STUBBS.

*** *Conceiving the following to be interesting to the* GENTLEMEN *of the* TURF, *we are induced to give it a place.*

COURT OF KING's BENCH.

SCOTT, *v.* LADE, ESQ.

THIS has been a long depending action, and was brought by the plaintiff, John Scott, against the defendant, Michael Lade, Esq. of Cannon Park, Hants, for wages due to plaintiff, as defendant's training groom and jockey; and also for money paid by plaintiff to and for the use of defendant. The defendant pleaded a set off, and filed a bill in the Exchequer, against Scott, and thereupon obtained an injunction to stay all proceedings at law. An answer to the bill was forthwith put in, the injunction immediately dissolved, and the cause came on for trial at the last Hampshire Assizes; but after the examination of some witnesses, it was, on the recommendation of the judge, agreed by all parties, to refer the cause to Charles Shaw Lefevre, Esq. of Hackfield Place, for adjustment: Mr. Lefevre, with a view to render the parties speedy and substantial justice, was induced to accept the unpleasant office of arbitrator, and on the commencement of the present term, (Michaelmas, 179[illegible]) made and delivered his award; by which we understand he has ordered the defendant to pay the plaintiff 165l. damages, and the costs of the action at law, as also all the costs of the suit in the Exchequer.

A TREA-

A Treatise on Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page 16.*)

THE second membrane, called the *choroide*, is pierced before with a round hole called the *pupil*, the exterior part of which is called the *iris*. The pupil will contract in a great light, and dilate in obscure or dark places; or as objects are near or distant. These motions depend on fibres on the internal surface of the iris, some of which are circular, the others longitudinal: Some call this part of the choroide the *uvea*, and the remainder of this membrane the *choroide*. The whitish circle, which is closely connected to the selerotic on the edge of the transparent cornea, is called the *ciliary ligament*.

That part of the choroide comprehended between the ciliary ligament and the optic nerve, is composed of two very fine laminæ, the inner of which is spread over with a blackish humour.

The third membrane is called the *retina*. It lines the internal surface of the last mentioned membrane, and advances as far as the chrystalline, where it terminates. It seems to be of a whitish substance, almost transparent, not much unlike a wet wafer; but when washed with water it appears to be a fine web with its vessels. It is formed by the expansion of the optic nerve, and is the immediate object of vision.

The *humours* of the eye are three: The first is the *aqueous*, and lies in the fore part of the eye, between the transparent cornea and the iris, and the space between the posterior part of the iris and chrystalline humour. To which places they give the name of chambers. Thus there is the anterior and the posterior chamber.

The second humour is called the *crystalline*, which is seated immediately after the aqueous, behind the iris, and over against the pupil. Its shape is lenticular, like the eye-glass of a small telescope, and is of a pretty firm consistence. Some think it has a particular covering called the *arachnoide*, but it is only a continuation of the membrane of the vitreous humour.

The third humour is the *vitreous*, which is hollow in the anterior part, in which it receives the posterior convexity of the crystalline. The membrane in which this humour is contained forms several cells, besides a bag for the crystalline.

The eye is not only preserved from external injuries by the boney cavity in which it is inclosed, but also by the eyelids, which by their tendinous cartilages close very exactly. The lymph which constantly moistens the fore part of the eye, preserves the transparent cornea from the impression of the air; which lymph afterwards passes into the nose by means of the lachrymal points, and the ducts that answer thereto, unless they are obstructed, and the lymph runs down the cheeks like tears.

The membranes of the eye serve to contain the humours, and the humours are of use to change the direction of the rays of light, in such a manner as to cause them to be re-united on the retina, in order to make such impressions as are capable to excite that sensation which is called vision. This re-union of the rays of light, which proceed from the same

same point of an object, and which is made on the retina, is absolutely necessary, otherwise vision would be imperfect, as it happens to those whose chrystalline is too convex, in which case the rays unite before they come to the retina.

When the eyes are flat, or are become so with age, or, more properly, if the chrystalline has lost its convexity, the rays will not unite on the retina, unless the object is at a distance. And when the chrystalline has lost its transparency, as when a cataract is forming or formed, they can make no impression on the retina strong enough to cause vision.

The best way of examining a horse's eyes is to take notice whether he wrinkles his brow when he is first brought out of a dark stable into a strong light, and whether he looks upwards as if to receive more light. These, if the pupil is large at the same time, are very bad signs. For in the dark the pupil should be large, and small in the light: and therefore the best way will be to examine in a small light, and in a great light, to know if the eyes are good.

The *organ* of *hearing* is the *ear*. The outward ear has already been taken notice of. The passage or conduit of the inward ear is partly cartilaginous or gristly, partly membranous, and partly boney. The cartaliginous is a continuation of the outward ear. The membranous is a continuation of the outward skin which covers the conduit, and fills up the void spaces which the other had left. The skin is pierced with a great number of holes, which answer to glands under the skin. These are called *ceruminous glands*, because they supply the ear with wax. The boney part is closed at the extremity by a very fine membrane, called the drum, which is placed obliquely; the upper part of its circumference being turned outward, and the lower inward. The direction of this conduit is oblique, for it advances from behind forward.

The barrel or body of the drum is a cavity, whose surface, which is very unequal, is covered with a membrane which is a continuation of the pituitary of the nose. In this barrel there are two ducts, two apertures, called windows, four little bones, and a branch of the fifth pair of nerves.

The ducts are anterior and posterior: this communicates with the cells of the mastoide process; the anterior has a communication between the barrel and the mouth, and is called the tube or trumpet of *Eustachius*, because it is very narrow near the box, and grows wider till it enters the mouth. This tube is boney at the beginning, and the rest of it is partly gristly and partly membranous. In the barrel of the drum, immediately above the tube, is a semicanal, which lodges in the muscles of the *malleus* or *hammer*.

The *fenestræ* or windows are either oval or round; and it is by means of these two apertures the barrel communicates with the labyrinth.

The *little bones* are, the *malleus* or *hammer*, the *incus*, or *anvil*, the *stapes* or *stirrup*, and the *orbicular bone*: The head of the hammer has two eminences, and a cavity for its articulation with the body of the anvil. The handle of the hammer is glued to the membrane of the drum.

The anvil has a body and two

branches:

branches, in the body are two cavities and an eminence which serves for its articulation with the hammer. The longest branch is a little crooked, and terminates in a superficial cavity, to receive one of the convexities of the orbicular bone, while the other convexity of the bone is received into a superficial cavity in the head of the stirrup.

The stirrup has an oval base, with two branches which unite to form a head. The branches are a little hollow on the internal surface, like grooves, into which a very fine membrane is fixed, which closes the space between the branches. The base of the stirrup shuts the oval window, and the round window is shut up by a very fine transparent membrane.

There are three muscles in the barrel of the drum: two of which belong to the hammer, and the third to the stirrup. There is a little nerve observeable in the barrel, commonly called the cord of the barrel; it is a branch of the fifth pair, which runs along the internal surface of the drum, and penetrates the boney duct which incloses it.

The deepest part of the internal ear is known by the name of the *labyrinth*. It is composed of three parts: the *cochlea* or *snail*, the *vestibulum*, and the *semicircular canals*. The cochlea is seated within and without; the semicircular canals backward; and the vestibulum in the middle.

The *cochlea* consist chiefly of a boney pipe or conduit, which makes two spiral rounds and a half. The cavity of this pipe lessens gradually, and is divided throughout its whole extent into two parts, supposed to resemble flights of stairs, by a spiral partition, one part of which is boney the other membranous. The two flights begin at the vestibulum, into which the superior opens, while the other terminates at the round window.

The *vestibulum* is a small cavity, irregularly round. It is covered inwardly with a membrane beset with many vessels. It has seven apertures or holes for the passage of the blood-vessels and nerves which penetrate into this cavity. Five of these holes correspond with the semicircular canals, the sixth to the oval window, and the seventh to the external flight of the cochlea.

The *semicircular canals* are distinguished into the upper, middle, and lower. The upper joins by one of its extremities to the lower, insomuch that these conduits make but one aperture into the vestibulum. The soft part of the seventh pair of nerves is distributed into these conduits and the flights of the cochlea.

Hearing is a sensation excited by sound received into the ear; and sounds are produced by the vibrations of the air. The shape of the external ear favours the reception of the air which is put in motion by sonorous bodies; and its cartilaginous make, serves to preserve the sounds in all their strength. Besides, the obliquity of the tube through which the sounds are received, increases their force by giving them different reflections. The earwax serves to hinder filth and insects from getting into the ear, but when the quantity is too great, it is a cause of deafness.

When sounds reach the drum of the ear, it is put in motion, and the action of the muscles of the hammer being to keep it more or less braced, it is by this means ac-

commodated to the degree of the ſtrength of the ſound.

This membrane of the drum is not abſolutely neceſſary for hearing; becauſe ſome perſons can hear better through the mouth than by the ear. But yet it is abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the parts contained in the barrel of the drum from external bodies, becauſe thoſe animals which have the drum broken become deaf ſoon after.

The *euſtachian tube* ſerves to diſcharge the lymph, which proceeds from the glands of the membrane which covers the cells of the maſtoide proceſs; and the uſe of the lymph is to ſupply the ſoft parts of the drum. This tube alſo ſerves to let out the air contained in the drum, while the membrane of the drum is drawn inward by the action of the internal muſcle of the hammer; for as a loſs of hearing is the conſequence of the obſtruction of the tube, it ſerves to prove what has been juſt aſſerted.

The little bones contained in the drum, being ſhaken by the ſounds that reach to the membrane of the drum, they communicate their motion to the innate air, which occupies the ſpaces that are left by the ſoft part of the auditory nerve, as it runs through the different parts of the labyrinth, communicating its vibrations to theſe nervous ramifications, and ſo excites the ſenſations of hearing. Some ſuppoſe the innate air receives its vibration from the air contained in the drum, which is ſhaken at the ſame time as the little bones; and that theſe vibrations are conveyed to the innate air by means of the round window which is only ſhut, as has been ſaid, by a very fine membrane.

OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ARTERIES AND VEINS OF A HORSE.

The *arteries* are veſſels which receive the blood from the heart, to diſtribute it into all the parts of the body; and the *veins* are veſſels which carry back part of the blood, which has been diſtributed by the arteries, to the heart.

Theſe veſſels may be eaſily known from each other in a living body, for the arteries have two motions, which the veins have not; in one of which the arteries are dilated, and in the other they are contracted; the firſt is called the *diaſtole*, and the other the *ſyſtole*.

The capacity of the arteries conſtantly diminiſh as they go farther from the heart; whereas the veins increaſe as they approach nearer this organ. This particular diſpoſition as to the capacity of the veſſels which gives them nearly the ſhape of a cone, is very advantageous to increaſe the courſe of the blood in the arteries; for it is well known that the current of a fluid augments when it paſſes from a large canal into one that is more narrow. But what is ſaid of the arteries only regards their principal trunks; for the branches after their diviſion have a cylindric figure, which renders the capacities of the veſſels equal in part of their extent. Theſe are ſubdivided into a vaſt number more, which at laſt grow ſo ſmall as not to be diſcovered by the naked eye.

There are veſſels which proceed from hence, called *lympathic arteries* and *veins*, which admit nothing but the watry part of the blood, unleſs in caſe of inflammations. Theſe lymphatic veſſels ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe that accompany the conglobate glands, which are perceived

ceived in great numbers on the surface of the liver on most animals. These last are called *valvular lymphatics*, on account of the great number of valves which they contain.

The number of the coats of the blood-vessels are not so easy to determine as some imagine. Some reckon five, the *vasculous*, the *cellulous*, the *tendinous*, the *musculous*, and the *nervous*. However, the musculous is the most considerable, and has circular fibres.

All the arteries begin with two principal trunks, one of which proceeds from the right ventricle of the heart, and is distributed into the lungs; this is called the *pulmonary artery*. The other, called the *aorta* or *great artery*, arises from the left ventricle, and is distributed through all parts of the body, not excepting the heart and the lungs.

The heart receives two arteries called the *coronary*. They are distributed into the substance of the heart and its auricles. The orifices of these vessels may be seen in the aorta, over-against the sigmoide valves. The aorta then proceeds a little obliquely to the right, from whence returning backward to the left, it forms a semi-circle: from the uppart of which proceed three considerable branches, which have the name of the *upper* or the *ascending aorta*; and the other part, which runs downward, is called the *lower* or *descending aorta*.

The three branches which compose the ascending aorta have particular names: one branch to the right, is called the *right subclavian*; that on the left is called the *left subclavian*; and the branch in the middle is the *left carotid*; the *right carotid* proceeds from the subclavian on the same side.

The *subclavian arteries* go off almost transversely under the clavicles, whence they are called *subclavian*. As they passed along, they send out three principal branches; the first descends inwardly along the ribs near the sternum, and bestows twigs on the pericardium mediastinum, and intercostal muscle The *vertebral* or *internal cervical* enters the holes in the transverse process of the vertibræ of the neck, sending twigs to the adjacent muscles. This artery, after having sent out branches in its passage, at length pierces the dura mater, and enters the skull through the great hole of the occipital bone, and joining with others forms the vertebral artery. Then advancing to the sphenoide bone, it unites with a posterior branch of the internal carotid, and is lost in the posterior lobe of the brain.

The *cervical artery* divides into two branches; the former of which is distributed into the anterior parts of the neck, the windpipe, the gullet, and pharynx. The other branch goes to the muscles of the neck and the adjacent parts.

The *diaphragmatic superior* descends along the pericardium, on which it bestows twigs, and is afterwards lost in the upper part of the midriff. The *upper intercostal* proceeds from the lower part of the subclavian, and sends branches along the lower edge of the ribs, intercostal muscles, and the pleura.

The subclavian leaving the chest, sends off the *thoracic artery* to the fore part of the breast; another branch runs down the fore leg: a third to the muscles of the shank, and a fourth to the parts beneath it.

The *right carotid* proceeds from the subclavian, and ascends upward by the side of the windpipe,

pipe, and coming to the larynx, divides and sends one branch into the skull. The other branch bestows a twig on the larynx, another on the tongue, a third on the jaws, a fourth on the occipital muscles, and a fifth to the ear, besides several others.

The lower aorta is properly a continuation of the great artery, which descends along the back and loins; it afterwards divides into two branches called the *iliac*; before which, above the midriff, it sends forth the lower intercostal, with the bronchial artery that accompanies the branches of the windpipe to the lungs. When it is just below the midriff, other branches proceed from it, namely, the *phrenich arteries*, which are lost in the midriff and mediastinum. Passing still farther, it bestows several branches on the stomach and intestines, such as the cœliac, the splenic, the upper mesenteric, and the emulgent; which last go to the kidneys; and below these arise the spermatic, which go to the testicles. Then the lower mesenteric, which with the upper is sent to the mesentey.

Then the great artery passes to the top of the os sacrum, where it divides, as mentioned before, into the *iliac*, which again are subdivided into the external and internal. From the latter arises a branch which is bestowed on the psoas muscle, and other muscles of the buttocks. Another, called the *hypogastric*, runs to the strait gut, the yard, the matrix, the bladder, the prostrate gland, and to all the parts contained in the pelvis. The internal iliac sends off the epigastric, which turning forward, creep along the rim of the belly, where they meet with the *mamillary*; another branch goes to the genitals of both sexes, and communicates with the hypogastric.

Afterwards the iliacs go to the thighs, and as they pass downward, change their name to the crural arteries, which supply the hind legs and feet with many considerable branches.

It would be endless to describe all the lesser branches which divide like the boughs of a tree whence they arise, and where they are lost. And to say the truth, it is entirely needless to a farrier, because he never performs the operations on a horse, as a surgeon may have occasion to do on a man. For instance, if it were necessary to amputate a limb, it never would be done, because a horse could not support himself afterwards, nor perform any business; or if he could make a shift to hop about in a miserable manner, nobody would be at the charge of keeping him. I shall therefore mention the veins in as cursory a manner as I have done the arteries; though some of these are necessary to be known, as they frequently come under the consideration of the farrier.

I observed before, that the *veins*, take up part of the blood which was distributed throughout the body, to be returned back to the heart. They are imperceptible at first, but they soon unite with each other, and form larger branches which unite more and more, and grow larger as they approach nearer, till the veins beneath the heart form one trunk which is called the *vena cava ascendens*. The upper great vein above the heart is called the *descending cava*, because it carries the blood downwards, as the other does upwards.

The veins have no apparent motion; but have semilunar valves in their cavaties, which facilitate the motion of the blood towards the heart. In their ramifications

mifications there are generally two veins to one artery, and there are likewise veins where there is no arteries. Their trunks are much the same in most subjects, but their ramifications differ greatly; and even those on one side of the body are not always like those on the other.

The *pulmonary vein* proceeds from the left auricle of the heart and at first forms a sinus; and soon after divides into four, then into innumerable branches, which are distributed through the lungs.

The veins in general have the same names as the arteries which they accompany. Those of the brain unload themselves into the sinuses, and these again into the external jugulars and cervicals: from thence the blood goes down to subclavians, which joining together make the *cava decendens*. The internal jugulars are seated by the carotid arteries, and receive the blood from all the parts which the carotids serve, except the pole, part of the face and the neck, whose veins enter into the external jugulars. These last are those large veins which runs the length of the whole neck, one on each side, near the gullet, and are constantly opened in most cases that require bleeding, because they are the safest and the largest.

Two of the cervical veins descend through the holes of the transverse processes of the vertebræ of the neck, and two through the great holes of the spine, and one on each side of the spinal marrow. These join at the lowest part of the neck, and empty themselves into the subclavians; and at the interstices of the vertebræ communicate with each other.

The subclavian veins pass along by the subclavian arteries, under the channel bones, and not only receive a great part of the blood from the veins of the chest, but likewise from all the veins which run along the outward part of the breast, legs, and feet. The plate veins which open into the subclavian run along the inside of the fore-leg towards the knee. They are frequently opened for lameness of the breast, and on other accounts, with success.

Below this are the shank veins and the shackle veins, which communicate with the plate veins. The shank veins run on each side of the hollow of the back sinew, between it and the shank; and the shackle vein is that branch which runs across the back sinew, and communicates with the shackle vein on each side, under the place where the horse is shackled. This cannot readily be seen or felt, but when the horse is very hot, and then one or more branches may be readily seen in the place abovementioned. Sometimes there are varices in this vein, and then it is but too evident; for then it is a sign of the weakness of the limb, and must be removed by manual operation.

These and the shank-veins communicate with those on the coronet and toe. Those of the toe are often opened for disorders of the feet; and those about the coronet are frequently cut in two in the cure of the quitters, without any bad consequence.

The *vena cava ascendens* lies in the lower belly, as also the emulgents from the kidnies, the lumbal and spermatic veins, the sacra, the iliacs, and the epigastric, which are named after the arteries. The farriers have particular names for some of the veins, as the *kidney-veins*, near the loins, the *flank* and *spur-veins*, which are often

wounded

wounded with the fpurs. The *liver-veins*, on the fide of the lower belly, which are often opened for difeafes in the bowels. That of the rump, they call the *tail-vein*, which they frequently open, or fcarify the tail, in the ftaggers and other diforders of the head.

There is one large vein in the lower belly called the *vena portæ*, whofe branches arife from all the branches of the celiac and two mefenteric arteries, except thofe branches of the celiac and two mefenteric which are beftowed on the liver. Thefe being united into one trunk, enter the liver, and is there diftributed like an artery, and has its blood collected and brought into the cava by the branches of the cava in the liver. The vena portæ carries blood to the liver inftead of an artery, for the feparation of the gall; a flow circulation in this cafe being neceffary.

The thigh-veins and the crural-veins empty themfelves by entering into the external iliacs, and epigaftrics, as the fhank-veins in the fore-legs communicate with the fubclavians. The thigh-vein runs along the infide of the thigh, and may be opened in fevers, in lamenefs of the hips, and in diforders of the loins and kidneys. The crural veins lie on each fide the inftep, and anfwer to the fhank-veins in the fore-legs.

OF THE GLANDS AND LYMPHATIC VESSELS.

GLANDS are known by common people by the name of *kernels*; and are defigned to feparate fome fluid from the blood, or to bring that to perfection which is called lymph. This gives occafion to divide the glands into two forts, the *conglomerate*, and the *conglobate*. Thefe laft are alfo called *lymphatics*. Of thefe I fhall give a particular account, becaufe horfes as well as other animals, are often afflicted with difeafes of the glands.

In order to this, we muft obferve that the blood confifts of two parts, the red, and the lymphatic, commonly called ferum. Befides thefe, there are feveral other humours blended therein. Thefe different humours are feparated by particular organs called *glands*; and this feparation is called *fecretion*. This fuppofes the blood to be in fuch a found ftate, as to fupply thefe humours, and that its fluidity and progreffive motion fhould be regular.

Of the organs called glands there are only two forts, the *conglomerate*, and the *conglobate*. The ufe of thefe laft is to receive and elaborate the lymph, by attenuating its parts, fuch as the axillary and inguinary glands. Other conglobate glands receive the chyle after the digeftion of the aliment; befides the lymph which is carried thereto by the lymphatic veins of the adjacent parts: thefe are the glands of the mefentery.

The conglomerate glands are defigned to feparate fuch humours from the blood as are confounded therewith: fuch as the liver, which fecretes the bile; the parotids, which feparate the faliva; and the kidneys, which fecrete the urine, &c.

The glands are bodies endowed with peculiar veffels, as the fecretory and excretory ducts; as alfo with nerves, arteries, and veins, as well fanguinary as lymphatic. But we muft obferve that the fanguinary and lymphatic arteries are continued to veffels of the fame kind.

To be continued.

The Origin, Antiquity, and first use of Cards, *together with their strange Metamorphosis and Adventures.*

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I LATELY spent an afternoon with some polite and sensible company, and the conversation being remarkably sprightly and entertaining, one of them, with an ironical sneer, proposed cards; this produced a general laugh, and cards became the prevailing topic for the remainder of the evening: many severe things were said against them, and something offered in their defence.

After the company separated I went to bed; my mind was crowded with ideas, and in my sleep I was entertained with the following vision.

Methought I was in a large room, where a great number of gentlemen and ladies were about to sit down to cards, which were laid ready on several tables, when the first pack suddenly opened, and one of the cards flew round the table with a humming noise, and then perching near the rest of the pack, and turning round on one end, the company, who, terrified and astonished, had fallen back into one circle, perceived it to be the ace of diamonds, which immediately addressed us in a low, but clear musical voice as follows:

" Gentlemen and ladies, I am now permitted to speak in defence of myself, and these my much injured sisters (at these words the whole pack stood up and displayed themselves) who have been rendered subservient to the vilest purposes, and treated with the greatest indignity; the studious and the learned avoid us, and the thoughtless and illiterate, however polite, are unworthy of our company. Know that we were originally fifty-two ladies, daughters of Nimrod, by four princesses of exquisite beauty, whose fathers he had conquered in war. Our mothers, who appeared in public only once in a revolution of the sun, lived in a distinct apartments of one magnificent palace. The gardens were extensive, and comprised every beauty both of nature and art; but these beauties could not divert the melancholy that possessed our dear mother's breasts; they incessently bewailed their fathers deaths, and regretted the hour in which they reluctantly submitted to the embraces of the tyrant. They died all within the compass of one moon, and were buried in a most magnificent sepulchre, which the king had built for himself and them, in a spacious lawn, encompassed with a vast grove of cypresses and cedars intermixed; which had grown spontaneously from the time of the universal deluge. Nimrod perceived that we grew melancholy upon the death of our mothers, and, in order to divert and entertain us, he carried us to court. But before we quitted our retirement, we made a solemn vow of perpetual virginity. It was soon remarked that though we were a good deal unlike each other, yet every one of us had some particular resemblance of our several mothers, and a general likeness to our common father. All ceremonials we had settled among ourselves. We had agreed to take place in our own class according to the date of our birth.—I was the eldest; we lived together in perfect harmony. The progeny of each mother, which was thirteen, presided in their turn. The

elders of each race had great respect shewn them, even when they did not preside, and the younger upon proper occasions, particularly when their eldest sister presided, enjoyed great privileges and power. But while we were yet in the bloom of life, Nimrod our father and protector died, and his son Bel, by the Greeks called Belus, being then absent in the war against the king of Armenia and Scythia, the only war, I think, he waged, we were exposed to the rage of envy and disappointment: the ladies, whom we excelled in beauty, and the gentlemen whose love we rejected, having discovered our vow of perpetual virginity, which in those early ages was a capital offence,) we were condemned to die; but some indulgent power prevented the execution of the sentence, by changing us nearly into the form in which you now behold us. Our first substance, indeed, was of the bark of a tree of a very close texture, which grows common in that country. We were dipped in the river Bactrus, in which all who bathe, entirely lose the power of speech for many ages, but have a quick perception of what afterwards befalls them. In this state we came into the hands of the great Zoroaster, the fountain of eastern knowledge, who, in virtue of the fifty-two distinct powers with which we are endued, made us the instruments of an universal language. We were distinguished by our names, dresses, and external appearances, as you now see; the aces, which denote unity, have the supreme power: but on this dread subject I am forbidden to proceed. We were now touched only by the chaste hands of wisdom, and communicated from magi to magi only the pure sentiments of devotion, and the hallowed secrets of science. But Ninus invaded the sage Zoroaster, who, with all the magi to whom the universal language had been communicated, was slain. We were found by an officer, who was seeking plunder in the palace of Zoroaster, inclosed in a plain box of pure gold. We were by this officer, presented to the conqueror, who endeavoured in vain to discover our use among the subjects of Zoroaster, by the most dreadful threats, and the most alluring promises.

"After we were brought to the capital of Ninus, then called by his own name, but in after ages Ninevah, which he had made the seat of his empire, instead of Babylon, all the Assyrian and Chaldean sages were summoned to find out the secret, but none succeeded; and Ninus, in the first rage of disappointment, condemned them all to death; but they were afterwards decimated by the interposition of Semiramis, who notwithstanding what some ill-natured historians report, well deserved the ascendancy which she gained over that tyrant. After this we were carried, in different ages, to several courts of Asia and Africa. We were some time in the possession of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, a princess of vast attainments; but it was not above three Julian years before the battle near Actium, that we fell into her hands: and she had then been long abandoned to sensuality, and had long desisted from the pursuit of knowledge. Cleopatra, therefore, did not discover our use, but only marked us with her name.

"A little before the empire of the great Aurelian in the west, we were in the possession of a petty prince of Arabia Petræa, a descendant

ſcendant from Iſhmael. He finding upon us the name of Cleopatra, thought we ſhould be an acceptable preſent to the illuſtrious Zenobia, who was deſcended from the ancient race of the Egyptian kings. Accordingly to make his court to her, he ſent us by a ſolemn embaſſy to Tadmor. We were received graciouſly by the queen Zenobia, who was then the moſt learned princeſs in all the eaſt, a great patroneſs of learned men, and in particular of the critic Longinus. She changed our receptacle, and, according to the then faſhionable taſte of the Palmyrenians, incloſed us in a box of the fineſt porphyry. She often peruſed us when ſhe was alone, and once ſhe produced us before Longinus and Paul of Samoſata; but juſt when our hopes were higheſt, and the important diſcovery was at hand, the queen was ſuddenly ſent for by an expreſs to withſtand the forces of the great Aurelian near Antioch. Before ſhe left the city ſhe religiouſly ſhut us up in the porphyry box, and depoſited us in the great temple at Tadmor. Zenobia being defeated and carried captive to Rome, the city of Tadmor ſubmitted to the conqueror; but ſome time afterwards it revolted, and being again reduced by Aurelian, was plundered by the ſoldiery. The great temple in which we were repoſited was demoliſhed, and we continued under its ruins till an Arabian phyſician, who was permitted by Aurelian to dig for the diſcovery of learned curioſities, found us, and privately carried us off with the box in which we were encloſed. This perſon, after ſtudying the uſe of us forty years in vain, died of grief, and in the dividend of his fortune we fell to the ſhare of a Paſcha in the leſſer Aſia. Of him we were at length purchaſed at Aleppo by a Frank merchant, whoſe reſidence was at Smyrna. This man, whoſe pleaſures were ſordid, and whoſe thirſt of gain was inſatiable, in an age of the darkeſt ignorance, and the groſſeſt immorality, applied thoſe powers and properties which had illuminated the ſage, and diſcloſed the ſecrets of nature, to amuſe the lazy, and aſſiſt the vicious, in a word, with a diabolical ſubtility, by which the views of wiſdom are always perverted, he contrived the manner of uſing us that is now practiſed, and afterwards ſold us, with his accurſed invention, to an European factor, who for gain diffuſed our diſgrace, to the waſte of time, and the bane of ſociety. If therefore you have any regard to your own reputation, or any pity for the ſufferings of beauty; if you reverence the dignity of ſcience, or deſire the inveſtigation of truth, deſiſt from ſo ſhameful an abuſe of the tablets of Zoroaſter, which were once the daughters of Nimrod; and endeavour, by the cloſeſt application, to diſcover our true uſe. Let the value of the prize animate the ſearch, for what wonders may not be produced by the combination of fifty-two diſtinct powers, if by an alphabet, in which there is not half the number, the fleeting images of fancy become permanent, and the ſecrets of cogitation viſible?"

Thus ſpoke the ace of diamonds, the company ſtood aghaſt, the profound ſilence that enſued awakened me, and the viſion diſappeared.

Your's, &c.

J. M.

DANIEL DANCER, Esq.

The following particulars in addition to what we mentioned of this parsimonious Character in our last, has been transmitted to us by another Correspondent.

LADY T. was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and though she knew that she would divide the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she, with that gentleman, used every device to make him enjoy the good things of this world: but all in vain. She had, however, one day, the pleasure of prevailing on him to purchase a hat, (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew, for a shilling; but to her great surprize, when she called the next day, she saw that the old *chapeau* still covered his head. On enquiry it was found, that after much solicitation, he prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat for eighteen pence, which Mr. Dancer purchased the day before for a shilling from the Jew.

One day her ladyship sent him a present of trout stewed in claret, which he liked above all things. It was frost, and the whole, from lying by a night, was frozen almost into ice. As he was a martyr to the tooth-ach, he could not touch it, and to light a fire this man thought expensive, who, besides having 3000l. per annum, was possessed also of immense riches. As he generally in severe weather, lay in bed to keep himself warm, he had the fish and sauce put between two pewter plates, on which he sat until the whole was sufficiently warm.

He never took snuff, for that was extravagant, but he always carried a snuff-box. This, probably, he would fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others. When the box was full, he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighbouring green-grocers; this candle was made to last till the box was again full, as he never suffered any light in his house, except while he was going to bed.

He seldom washed his face and hands, but when the sun shone forth, then he would betake himself to a neighbouring pool, and use sand instead of soap; when he was washed, he would lie on his back, and dry himself in the sun, as he never used a towel, for that would wear, and when dirty, the washing was expensive.

Since his death, there have been jugs of dollars and shillings found in the stable. At the dead of the night, he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose, even old Griffiths could not tell; but it now appears that he used to rob one jug to add to the bowl, which was found buried since his death, in the kitchen.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTE *of* LORD CHIEF BARON PARKER.

A MAN, *under a violent suspicion* of dealing in contriband goods, being once tried before Lord Justice Parker, was accused of having rode, in a furious and tumultuous manner, through the streets of the town of Horsham, upon a horse, mare, or gelding, laden with teas, and sundry other articles, for which no duty had been paid unto our sovereign lord the king; and when a revenue officer attempted to

to ſtop him, and ſeize one bag, containing tea, &c. for which duty had not been paid, he aſſaulted, maltreated, and abuſed the ſaid officer.

As a farther aggravation of his offence, it was ſtated that this happened on a fair day, when the ſtreets were crouded, and the lives of many of his majeſty's liege ſubjects endangered, &c. &c. The crown ſummoned, *a cloud* of witneſſes: oſtlers and poſtillions, waggoners and watermen, farmers and ſhopkeepers, without number, crouded the court. The priſoner's counſel aſked the firſt witneſs at what time he ſaw the offence committed.—He replied at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the firſt of October fair day; which was on a Wedneſday. The ſecond witneſs, when he came to be examined, ſaid, it was at ten o'clock in the morning, at the September fair; which he well remembered happened on a Friday. The third ſwore it was at exactly twelve o'clock, at the November fair; and that, he was clear, was always on a Saturday. The reſt of the evidence was equally exact: ſome ſwore the priſoner had a blue great coat, and ſome that he had a brown one; ſome that he rode on a bay mare, and others that he was mounted on a grey horſe; from all which it turned out to the priſoner, that in a multitude of witneſſes there is ſafety; for, when the judge ſummed up the evidence, he told the jury, that it was ſo contradictory, that he thought they could not, conſiſtently with their oaths, find him guilty; and if they thought as he did, they would acquit him. He was acquitted accordingly; when the attorney-general got up, and ſaid, he muſt requeſt the court would grant an order that the man might be kept in cuſtody, until he had drawn up an indictment againſt him for certain duties due to the king. To this the Lord Chief Baron made the following reply: "I think the man has been in confinement long enough for you to have made out your indictment; you have neglected it; he has been tried, and by the laws of his country he is acquitted: I therefore order, that the goaler do immediately leave him at liberty to act as he thinks proper; and, if after this he thinks it will be *right* to wait until you have drawn out your indictment, I can have no ſort of objection; but, if he *does*, I think, notwithſtanding his acquittal, he ought to be hanged for a fool."

The OLD MAN *and his* DOG.

A TALE.

BY M. MARMONTEL.

"ONE evening when he were ſitting at the foot of the bridge over the *Marne*, ſaid Ariſtus, a man of the lower order of people, with grey hair, and a lame leg, and hardly able to get on with the help of a ſtick, paſſed before us, followed by a yonng water-ſpaniel, and ſaid to the women in whoſe company I was: —'*Ladies, will you buy my dog?* As each of them had her own, and as his was not of the kind women are fond of, they anſwered they did not want one.

"Then coming up to me, he ſaid in a more preſſing tone of intreaty: '*Do, Sir, buy my dog?*' 'I would have bought it inſtantly,' ſaid Juliet, 'This amiable movement ought, I muſt confeſs, Miſs, to have preceded reflection; but kindneſs is not ſo active a ſentiment, in every heart as it is in yours.

yours. My firſt word was a refuſal, ſoftened however by all the reſpect due to the unfortunate."

"The old man ſtood for a moment motionleſs before me; he caſt on me a look of ſadneſs, and left me diſcontented with myſelf.

"As he walked ſlowly up the bridge, I had time to diſcover the cauſe of the confuſed reproach conveyed by his eyes, and repeated by my own heart. At the very ſame inſtant I recollected that my friend the Count de C— had loſt a dog he was very fond of: As I thought the capacity of a water-ſpaniel was not inferior to the ſagacity of the Siberian dog my friend had loſt, I determined he ſhould have it, and called back the old man.

"What do you aſk for your dog? ſaid I.—'What you pleaſe,' ſaid he. Here, Miſs, it would be eaſy to make myſelf appear liberal, by embelliſhing the truth; but I rather chuſe to confeſs that I was not very generous. I was not rich, and a piece of ſix livres was all I had aboet me at that moment. I offered it to him; he accepted it without any marks of repugnance, and ſaid when he received it, 'The dog is yours.'—'But,' ſaid I, 'he will get away; I have no ſtring to lead him by.—'It is however neceſſary to have one' ſaid he, 'for otherwiſe he would follow me.' Then undoing his garter, he called his dog, took it in his arms, and ſet it upon the baluſtrade of the bridge.—'You make me ſhudder,' ſaid Juliet, 'it fell into the water.'—'Don't be afraid, Miſs, the dog did not fall; it let its maſter put his garter round its neck, and I perceived that, while tying it, the old man's hand trembled. This I attributed to age, for his countenance, which I obſerved attentively, did not change. But when he had tied the knot, I ſaw him let his head fall upon his dog, and hiding his forehead in its rough hair, and with his mouth glewed to its body, he hung over it for ſome minutes mute and motionleſs.

"I ſtepped up to him.—'What is the matter, friend?' ſaid I. 'Nothing,' ſaid he, lifting up his head; 'it will ſoon be over.'—And I ſaw his face all bathed in tears—'You ſeem to feel a great deal of regret at parting with your dog.—'Alas! yes, he is the only friend I had in the world. We never were aſunder. It was he who guarded me when I was aſleep on the road; and when he ſaw me ſuffering and forſaken, the poor beaſt pitied me, and comforted me with his carreſſes. He loved me ſo much, that I can do no leſs than love him. But all this ſignifies nothing, Sir, the dog is yours.—And then he gave me the end of the garter he had tide round its neck.—'You muſt ſuppoſe me to be very cruel, if you think me capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and of the only one you have in the world.'—He did not inſiſt any longer; but he wanted to return me the miſerable crown. I told him to keep the crown and the dog, and at laſt got the better of his reſiſtance. Then I ſaw his knees bend.—'Oh, Sir, I owe you my life. It is hunger that has reduced me to this cruel extremity."

"From that moment, you will needs think that he had two friends inſtead of one. I deſired to know who he was, whence he came, aud whither he was going, and what had brought him to ſuch a ſtate of infirmity."

'Thank heaven,' ſaid he, 'I lived fifty years by the ſweat of my brow, and yeſterday, for the firſt

first time, I suffered the humiliation of asking charity. I was a carpenter in Lorrain, and my trade gave me bread; but an accident disabled me from standing up to work: A splinter of wood occasioned an incurable sore in my leg. I am going to Rouen to see my daughter; she is an excellent spinner, and earns her livelihood in the cotton manufactories. When with her, I shall want for nothing. But as I go on slowly on account of my sore leg, and came from far, the little money I had amassed was not sufficient for my journey. I have been obliged to solicit alms: but as I do not look like a pauper, I met with little relief. I was fasting: My dog remained——' These words stifled his voice.

'At your age, in the heat of summer, and with a sore leg, I will never suffer you,' said I, 'to undertake a journey of thirty leagues by land, twice as much as if you go by water: It would aggravate your disease, and render it incurable, if it be not so already. Come with me. Providence offers you here an assylum, where you will find rest, remedies, and perhaps a cure.' The old man, who looked at me with joyful astonishment, untied his dog, and let me conduct him to the hospital on the other side of the bridge.

"I was not known there; but in these respectable houses, indigence and infirmity recommend themselves. The prior listened with emotion to the recital of our adventure, sent for the most skilful surgeon in the hospital, and made him examine the sore. I shuddered at seeing to what a degree it was envenomed by the summer heats, and the fatigue of the journey.—'There is no time to be lost,' said the surgeon 'but it is not too late, and I will undertake to save the leg.—'He will be cured then?'—'Yes, Sir, I answer for it.'—This was the moment of my joy and happiness,—'Gentlemen,' said I, 'spare nothing; I will do every thing that may be necessary.'—'All that is necessary,' said the prior, with a look of modest severity, 'is to leave the sick man to us, and to confide in our care.'

"I felt that I had injured the delicacy of the good father, and made him an apology.—'But would it not,' said I, 'be imposing upon your goodness, if I requested that his faithful friend ——'Yes, Sir, his friend, his dog, shall bear him company. We also shall know how to value the instinct of friendship.'

"These words of the reverend father, this reception, this ready care, this tranquil piety, this serviceable humanity, this habit of doing good at every hour and at every moment, without seeming to be conscious of any merit, made a deep impression upon me. What, said I to myself, for my pitiful crown, and a few steps in the service of an unfortunate man, I am transported with joy, and contented with myself beyond measure! and these *religious*, who pass their days and nights in nursing, attending, and relieving the poor, and who do more good in a day, than I shall ever do in my life, do not even deign to think of it. This indeed is meritorious and sublime.

"Before I left the old man, I took his daughter's address, that I might send her an account of her father, and went to join the ladies, who were waiting for me on the other side of the bridge. I could not avoid telling them what

what had paſſed; and my ſorry preſent mingled a little ridicule with the *pathos* of my recital; but I deſired them to be more generous, and told them that till the old man ſhould be cured, I was his treaſurer.

" Our ſociety in the country often changed, and whenever a new face arrived, I was deſired to repeat my tale. I never failed to mention the offer of my crown, that this exceſs of liberality never failed to draw upon me ironical admiration. 'A crown,' ſaid they, ' a crown to the good old man for ſo invaluable a dog!—' And you, Sir,' ſaid I, ' and you, Madam, how much would you have given?' —Every one named a ſmaller or greater ſum, according as his ſenſibility had been worked upon by my narrative.—' Well!' ſaid I, the old man is not far off, and every one may do what he would have done in my place. They vied with one another in generoſity, and I, for my ſhare, thanked heaven for having given me, inſtead of riches, the talent of moving the rich. At length I announced the wiſhed for day when my old man would come with his dog to return thanks to his benefactors. The houſe was full. I went to the hoſpital to fetch him; and after having expreſſed my heart-felt gratitude to the good fathers, and my veneration for ſo ſacred an inſtitution, and for functions ſo piouſly fulfilled, I brought him with me almoſt as active and as joyous as his ſpaniel.

" They were both received with joyful exclamations; but the dog was taken the moſt notice of. Never in his life did he receive ſo many careſſes. He was at firſt confuſed, but he ſoon returned them, with a look that ſeemed to ſay, he knew why he was ſo well treated.

" The good old man dined with us, and his dog beſide him. They ſlept together, and the following morning, at the dawn of day, came to take leave of me. The honeſt man's little treaſure was delivered to him. I told him in vain that I had contributed but little.—' I am indebted to you for all,' ſaid he, ' and I will never forget it.' On ſaying theſe words he wanted to throw himſelf at my feet; but I held him up, and, finding ourſelves in one another's arms, we took leave as affectionately as two old friends would have done.

' Sir,' ſaid he, at length, ' I am going away loaded with your favours; but will you permit me to beg one more;—' You have embraced me; pray deign to kiſs my dog. I wiſh to tell my daughter that you kiſſed my dog. Come here, Sprightly,' ſaid he. ' Come the gentleman will be good enough to do you that honour.' Sprightly ſtood up on his hind legs; and I ſtooped towards him, when all at once the image of the old man hanging like me, over his dog, and thinking he was kiſſing him for the laſt time, ruſhed into my mind; and I could not refrain from tears.—' Ah! you neglect him,' ſaid the old man: ' keep him, he is ſtill yours.'—' No, my friend, no; go and be happy. I am more ſo myſelf than I have deſerved to be; and your image, and that of your dog, will long ſuffice to make me ſo in idea."

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.

OCTOBER 31ſt.

ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH.

A NEW operatical drama with the above title, followed the Child

Child of Nature. It is the production of Mr. PEARCE, whose Hartford Bridge, Netley Abbey, and other pieces, have so forcibly recommended him to public taste. Mr. PEARCE's muse is constantly devoted to the praise of national bravery, and in his marine songs he has been singularly fortunate, both in the energy of our seamen and sentiment of his female characters. Some of the sweetest of our opera songs we owe to his pen, and in the piece before us, there are some charming airs. The characters are

Wildfire,	Mr. Quick.
Captain Pendant,	Mr. Johnstone.
Captain Tropic,	Mr. Bowden.
Magnet,	Mr. Incledon.
Piccaroon,	Mr. Munden.
Ferret,	Mr. Fawcett.
Major Drummond,	Mr. Townshend.
Ensign Somers,	Mr. Clermont,
Landlord,	Mr. Davenport.
Mat,	Mr. Rock.
Waiter,	Mr. Burton.
Louisa Bowers,	Mrs. Mountain.
Fanny Pendant,	Miss Hopkins.
Mrs. Ferret,	Mrs. Henley.

The scene is laid at Portsmouth, and the author's purpose is to celebrate the glorious event of the first of June. In a drama of this kind, we do not look for plot.—The loyalty atones for the want of it. The funeral of Captain Seaford, killed in the action, concludes the first act, and throws such a gloom over the scene, as the heart is not able to recover. We wish he had given us the exquisite elegy sung by Incledon, Johnstone, and Bowden, without the procession. There were two comic characters, admirably drawn, though not novel *Piccaroon* and *Ferret*, and they produced a good deal of mirth; the rest of the characters were common, but the music was charming. Mr. Shield has composed some truly beautiful airs, in which there is rich invention, and polished taste. We have no doubt but as they become familiar to the ear, they will be highly felt; and though this drama, with a most quizzical title, is not to be ranked with Mr. Pearce's former productions, it is likely to be a favourite.

Nov. 18, 1794.

NEW GRAND BALLET.

LAST night the pompously announced spectacle of *Hercules and Omphale* was exhibited for the first time at the above theatre, the story of which is as follows.

PART I.

The piece commences with a view of Omphale's palace. Omphale, queen of Lydia, seated on her throne, surrounded by virgins.—The Princes of Dacia and Mycœne send Ambassadors, each demanding her hand in marriage. Then follows the magnificent entry of the two princes:

The procession over, a Pyrrhic dance takes place, when thunder is heard—Jove's eagle descends, bearing a festoon with this inscription, "Hercules is doomed the slave of Omphale."—Hercules enters, clothed in the hide of the Nemean lion, attended by Iolaus—he offers presents to Omphale—she receives them with tenderness—the princes renew their suit, which she rejects; after which Omphale, Hercules, and the princes retire at separate entrances. Omphale, in the absence of Hercules, orders her nymphs to prepare for the chace.

This is succeeded by the cave of Cacus. This famous robber (a monster with three heads), who had desolated the adjacent country, hearing the sound of horns, lays in

in wait for his prey. The rival princes are ſeen paſſing through the trees—Omphale and her train appear returning from the chace; the princes retire, and plan to ſeize her. Cacus enters, and forces her into the cave—the princes, with their attendants, attempt to ſeize Hercules, who, for ſome time, defends himſelf againſt their united force; nearly vanquiſhed, he prays to Jupiter, when a ſtorm ariſes, thunder, lightning, hail, fire, and maſſy ſtones are ſeen to deſcend. — Hercules gains the mouth of the cavern, and thus defends himſelf from the ſtorm and his aſſailants. Screams are heard within the cavern—the prince of Dacia bearing off Omphale, the Prince of Mycœne forces her from him, and after ſlaying the Prince of Dacia, eſcapes with his conqueſt. The tempeſt ceaſes—Hercules and Cacus come from the cave; a combat enſues, in which Hercules vanquiſhes the robber. — He then purſues the prince of Mycœne, and is informed by Iolaus, that Omphale is ſhut up in the city of Mycœne. —Catapultas, battering-rams, &c. are prepared, and the ſcene changes to the town and fortifications of Mycœne. Hercules, at the head of his army, ſummons it to ſurrender—the prince brings Omphale on the battlements bound in chains; the battering ram, and all the implements of war, are brought in action againſt the city; the beſieged defend themſelves by hurling huge ſtones on the heads of their aſſailants; the ſoldiers form the tortoiſe back with their ſhields, by which Hercules mounts the walls. His army enters the city with firebrands; Hercules bears away the gates upon his ſhoulders; the city is ſeen in flames. Hercules purſues the prince to the ſummit of a mountain, ſeizes and daſhes him into the ſea: he releaſes Omphale, and bears her off in triumph.

PART II.

The Palace of Omphale.

Hercules enters with Omphale, fatigued with the toils of the battle—ſhe leaves him to repoſe. When aſleep, Omphale returns, and kneeling to a ſtatute of Cupid, the figure receives animation; ſhe implores him to inſpire the breaſt of Hercules with hope. Cupid changes the club of Hercules for a ſhepherd's crook, his arrows to wreaths of roſes. Cupid calls on the pleaſures—their train ſurround the ſopha of Hercules, bearing vaſes, medallions, baſkets of flowers, wreathes of roſes, &c They form a group, when Cupid brings forth Omphale, and places her by his ſide; he then waves his bow, and diſcovers the garden of love; in which Juno, attended by Mercury and Hymen, deſcends the ſtage, and clouds diſperſing, diſcover the temple of Juno. Juno joins the hands of Hercules and Omphale, and orders Hymen to prepare the mariage ceremony. This is ſucceeded by a grand Hymeneal proceſſion; after which the ceremony commences—this is interſperſed with dances by nymphs, graces, loves, &c. Hymen joins their hands; the Cupids crown them with wreaths, and the piece concludes.

As a ſpectacle, this is in reality one of the moſt magnificent things which have been produced for a number of years; not altogether ſo much in reſpect to ſcenery as parade and grandeur of auxiliary decoration. The triumphal chariots of the princes of Dacia and Mycœne are elegantly claſſical each drawn by managed horſes. The dreſſes of the attendant guards, which

which are unusually numerous, are also true to *costume* and very splendid.

In the last scene are introduced the much talked of bulls, and truly they performed last night beyond expectation: they are beautiful little animals, we believe of the Guernsey breed, which answer well to the idea we form of the antique bulls used in the Greek sacrifices.

Of the music we cannot speak enthusiastically, is was chiefly compilation, and that not of the most felicitous kind—The scenery last night, was not well managed, neither did the effect produced, in every instance, answer the ardent intentions of the designer, particularly in the variegated rays of light displayed in the temple of Juno.—The piece was however well received throughout.

DRURY LANE.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THIS farce comes from the pen of Mrs. Inchbald; we cannot in justice to her other productions, say that it posses equal merit with any of them.

About two years since she presented it to Mr. Sheridan, and obtained his promise that it should be brought out; it was mislaid, and so long missing that the manager, considering it as lost, very handsomely presented the authoress with 200l. in lieu of the advantages which might have resulted to her from its performance. The copy was some time since found, and Mr. Sheridan, availing himself of the high reputation of Mrs. Inchbald, gives it to the public.

The principal feature of the piece is the unexpected return of Lady Constance, the wife of Sir Adam, after fifteen years absence, and on the very day that her husband, supposing her dead, had taken to himself a younger bride! The reluctance of the old knight to part with the *second wife*, whose tender years would expose her to so much danger, and to receive the *first*, "whose *age* would be its own protection," is very whimsically pourtrayed. The *vis comica* of Mr. King and Mrs. Jordan, in the principal characters, was irresistible.

NOVEMBER 5th.

THIS evening a tragedy, translated from the German of *Lessing*, was performed for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Guastella	Mr. Kemble.
Marquis Marinelli,	Mr. Palmer.
Count Appiani,	Mr. C. Kemble.
Camillo Rota,	Mr. Aickin.
Galotti,	Mr. Wroughton.
Battista,	Mr. Barrymore.
Giuseppe,	Mr. Caulfield.
Angelo,	Mr. Phillimore.
Pirro,	Mr. Maddocks.
Countess of Orsina	Mrs. Siddons.
Claudia,	Mrs. Powell.
Emilia,	Miss Miller.

The fable is very simple. The Duke being secretly in love with *Emilia*, who is immediately to be married to Count Appiani, confides his passion to Marinelli, who contrives to have Appiani assassinated as he is with his bride passing by the castle of the Duke. Emilia, unacquainted with the name of the owner of the castle, in the moment of alarm is persuaded to take refuge there. Her father, the colonel, however, soon follows him, but finding himself unable to rescue her from the power of her ravisher, stabs her in order to save her from violation.

Such is the main story of the piece; a very beautiful scene

 however

however is ingeniously interwoven, in order to enable Mrs. Siddons to display her charming powers. In this she appears as the forsaken mistress, and evinces all the transitions of passion naturally attendant on such a situation.

Miss Miller, who, in the character of Emilia, made her appearance for the first time on any stage, is a young lady of very high promise: her person is elegant, her face handsome and expressive, and her deportment graceful. We have no doubt that she will prove a most valuable acquisition to the stage. Want of room, however, prevents us from giving a particular critique on her performance, and for the same reason we are compelled to leave unnoticed the other characters, however justly they merited our utmost attention.

The play was tolerably well received; it is written in prose. The prologue was written by Mr. Cumberland, and contained some general compliments to Shakespear. The epilogue was by Mr. Colman; it reprobated French anarchy, and praised our king's *chastity*, and *conjugal fidelity*; we should have thought, however, when Mr. Colman was contemplating the beauties consigned to his majesty's embraces, that he need not have considered this circumstance so surprising, as to render it necessary for his muse to celebrate it.

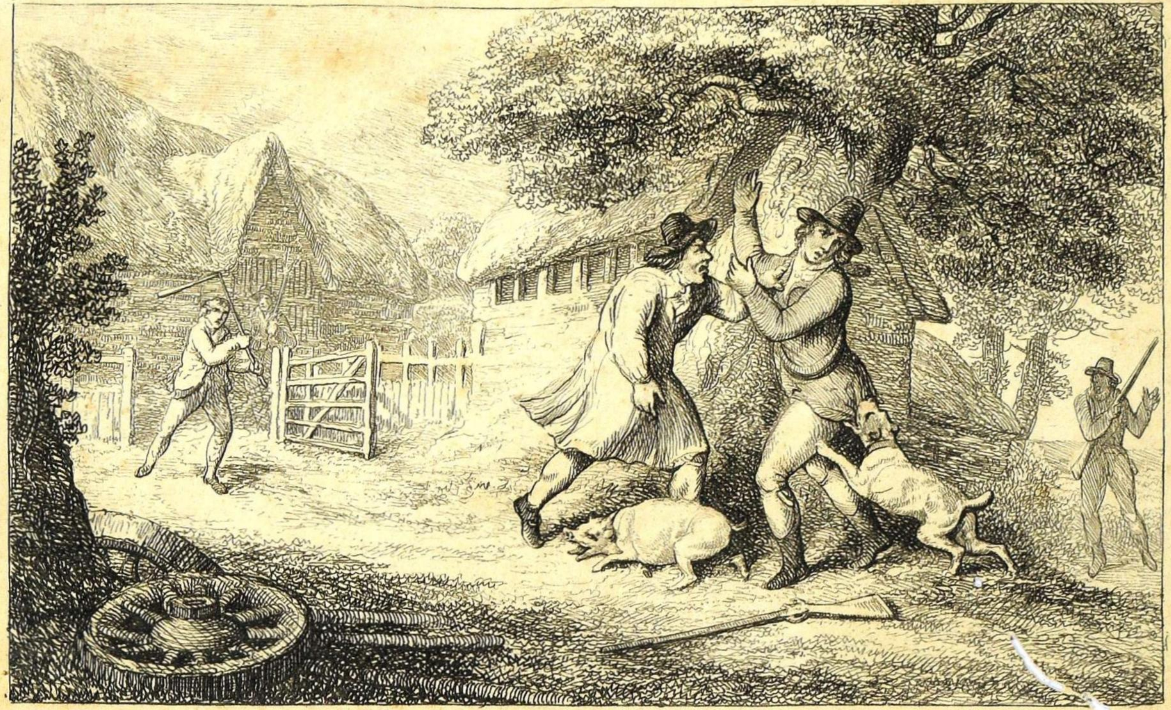
The characters were most superbly dressed, and the scenes were new and beautiful. The house was very fashionably filled.

An Account of Swedish Horses.

THE *Scotch Galloways*, may be applied as nearly as possible to the common run of *Swedish horses*; they are strong built, clean, neat, hardy little animal, better adapted in general for the road than for draught, being rather under the size that would be necessary for drawing heavy carriages. On a journey they are indefatigable, living on any fare that can be found, and scarcely ever tiring upon the road. Their hoofs are firm, so that on the roughest road they seldom stumble; nor is there such a thing known in Sweden, as swelled legs and greasy heels, among the horses. They are not so slim in the body as an English hunter, and consequently they are much stouter in their make than blood-horses; their size is from thirteen to fifteen hands in height upon the whole, I think they are the most serviceable breed of horses I ever knew—six of them in a light carriage, on good roads, would perform wonders.

As to colour, the greatest part of them are grey, or dark chesnut, sometimes called black, or a light dun; the grey, when at pasture or clean kept, are perhaps the most beautiful; and that colour is much in fashion, but they are apt to look ugly when dirty; the chesnut is not liable to this defect, and these, as well as the grey, have certain marks upon them, which we call *dapple*, that have a beautiful effect when the horses are in good plight. The dun is a delicate colour, and is always accompanied with a black tail and main, and a black list along the back. There are other colours, but these are the most common and most esteemed; it is fancy alone that regulates the choice, for no essential difference in other respects is observed to take place between horses of different colours.

Besides



A RECENT SPORTING DISASTER.

Besides this breed of small horses, there is another of a larger size, and thinner make, which are bred chiefly in the province of *Scania*, that are employed almost exclusively for drawing on sledges. The quality for which the Scania horses are chiefly valued is, the remarkable speed at which they go when a-trot; there is annually at *Gottenburg*, the beginning of the winter, a great shew of this breed at the races: these races are not like those of England, for galloping horses, but for trotting in a sledge. The sledge is a little carriage, mounted on stakes; those for the race carrying one man only, who drives the horse.

Sometimes forty or fifty of these sledges start upon the ice at once, which form a very grand exhibition, and it is surprising to see how fast they go; I have been assured, that instances have been known of a horse in this way trotting at the rate of eighteen English miles in an hour. If the horses ever get into a gallop, the prize is forfeited. The best of these trotting horses sell at a very high price, an hundred guineas has been frequently given for one of them. This breed of horses is also a very valuable one, though I do not think they are either so beautiful, or so serviceable for ordinary purposes, as the former.

A.

A recent SPORTING DISASTER.

With an Etching illustrative of the Subject, by a celebrated Caricaturist.

A PARTNER in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of our facetious first magistrate, to nose his lordship's kitchen whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a small watering-place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country, he determined to partake of its sports, and for the first time in his life to have a day's shooting. "When we are at *Rome*, said the cit, we must do as they *does* at *Rome*."

A vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or a rusticated nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on a shooting poney, in pursuit of his game. A city Crœsus disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phæton, took the pointers he had borrowed into the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him.

The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness, and even of an inclination to desert. They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action, when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind.—But even *he* might as well have gone with the rest, for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprize and chagrin of the city sportsmen. They hallooed him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was very provoking, they said; they never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domestic, they began to belabour the refractory *Carlo*, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds.

Before

Before the banker could recover from the alarm occaſioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of ſight. Theſe were all he ſaw that day; nor could he ſufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog. If he had not ſtopped, ſaid the banker, I ſhould have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them. His companion made no doubt but he ſhould have killed the reſt.

On his return to his carriage, the *man of money*, determined to try his ſkill at ſome ſparrows on a dunghill. He ſhut his eyes; and before he could open them again to count the dead ſparrows, a pig, which was lying under the ſtraw, and which he had ſhot in the head, came running out, and laid itſelf at his feet, ſqueaking moſt horribly in the agonies of death; and out came the farmer's men with flails and pitchforks; and out came the farmer's dog, and ſeized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himſelf and took him by the collar.

Perceiving himſelf thus beſet, the banker offered an honourable compoſition; but when he found that no leſs a ſum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and ſaid, that a pig of equal ſize might be purchaſed for leſs money in London. His companion, however, obſerving that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall Market than in the country, the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog retired to their reſpective kennels.

It is the quality of a great mind not to be eaſily diſcouraged. The Banker, therefore, reloaded his piece, and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a ruſtling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of *Good lack! I'm ſhot. As God ſhall ſhave me, I'm ſhot!*—It was a jew, who had been making a ſacrifice, which was not that of the Paſchal lamb, and who at the cloſe of it, while employed in plucking up graſs, and ſhrubs of broader leaf and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part, where, according to Butler

> "—— A kick hurts honour more,
> "Than deepeſt wounds receiv'd before."

As the banker had never ſeen a mag-pye in the city that did not ſpeak, he ſuppoſed that the whole ſpecies were naturally loquacious and made no doubt but he had killed one of thoſe talkative birds, I have ſhot a mag-pye, ſaid he to to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game, when in the paſſage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Iſraelite. Seeing him in the nakedneſs of a *ſans culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker ſtarted back in ſpeechleſs horror. The "circumciſed dog" purſued him, and took him by the throat, ſwearing by the God of *Moſes*, that he would have blood for blood; and this dreadful threat he would probably have realized, if the banker's friend had not offered him "egregious ranſom."—At the firſt mention of money, the bleeding member of the half tribe of *Manaſſeh* relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired well ſatisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Meſſrs. F——r, L———k, and B———t.

It

It is here neceſſary to acknowledge, that the foregoing appeared firſt in a reſpectable daily paper, the preciſe nature of an application to the printer ſubſequent to its inſertion, we are not fully acquainted with; but it produced the following eccentric.

APOLOGY.

WE ſome days ſince gave our readers an account of a day's ſhooting on the ſea-coaſt, the principal ſportſman is one of our friends, and being, as the French term it, a man *qui entend raillerie*, he gave us his permiſſion to relate the whimſical accidents he met with in the courſe of his amuſements. It not being in every one's power to divert the public, he was glad to afford a laugh even at his own expence, eſpecially as no blame can attach to mere miſchance; and as all things conſidered, he had ſome reaſon to be proud, not having *miſſed a ſingle ſhot*, though he had never ſhot before.

We little thought that the miſapplication of this innocent ſtory ſhould expoſe us to remonſtrances: ſuch, however, we have received, and of ſo wrathful a tenor, that there is reaſon to fear, leſt

> The children yet unborn ſhould rue
> The ſhooting of that day.

As we did not mention the name of the perſonage, and as the great number of bankers, who reſide in the vicinity of the manſion houſe, left a wide field for conjecture, it is rather ſtrange that any one ſhould have wrongfully placed this fancied ridicule upon himſelf. The *firm* of a reſpectable houſe was *caſually* introduced, it is true, but only to ſay its paper was deemed a ſatisfactory compenſation by the wounded Iſraelite, which is paying as high a compliment to the credit of a commercial eſtabliſhment as can well be imagined; we can, therefore, only ſuppoſe that this miſunderſtanding has ariſen from ſome other city gentleman, having met with the ſame accidents as our friend, although it is almoſt incredible that two perſons *ſhould have each ſhot a pig and a jew*. If however, the gentleman, who thinks himſelf aggrieved, will come forward and ſay that he *really* met with ſuch miſchance, during his trip to the water-ſide, we will readily *name him*; and aſſure the public, that though he ſhot a *pig* and a *jew*, it was not *he* who ſhot the *pig* and the *jew* we ſpoke of.

On the INTELLIGENCE *of* DOGS.

THE following is an extract from a very ingenious performance on the INTELLIGENCE of ANIMALS, which we doubt not will meet the approbation of every ſportſman.

" Next to the elephant, (ſays the writer of this eſſay) the dog is the domeſtic animal moſt ſuſceptible of relations with man; it is the animal alſo that derives the greateſt knowledge from his intercourſe with us: the dog is ſo well known, that this example alone, ought for ever to deſtroy the idea of automatoniſm of brutes. How is it poſſible to aſcribe to an inſtinct devoid of reflection, the various actions of this intelligent animal, formed by man to ſuch various uſes, and who, preſerving even in his ſtate of ſubjection a degree of liberty, excites in his maſter ſentiments of intereſt and friendſhip by his voluntary docility.

" From

"From the different services in which the dog is employed, we perceive his intelligence make two kinds of progress; the one is derived from the instruction that is bestowed upon him, that is, from the habits to which we form him by means of caresses and punishments; the other is ascribable to the experience of the animal himself, to the reflections he makes on the facts that pass under his notice, and the sensations he derives from his feelings, but both are in proportion to the wants, and the degree of interest that excite his attention.

"The *yard dog*, almost always chained up, and whose chief function is to bark at strangers, continues in a state of stupidity, that would nearly be the same in every other animal, whose intelligence had no greater scope for exercise. The *shepherd's dog*, continually engaged in an office that demands activity, discovers a superior understanding and discernment; all the requisite facts are stored up in his memory, and he derives from them a knowledge which modifies his actions and movements, and guides the minutest details of his conduct: if any of the flock break into a field of corn, you see the vigilant dog collect them together again, drive to a distance from the corn such as are most unmanageable, keep an eye on those who are disposed to pass the prohibited bounds, awe the rash by threats to terrify them, and chastise those who have not attended to the warning:—if we refuse to acknowledge that reflection alone could be the origin of proceedings executed with so much discernment, they must be perfectly unaccountable. If the dog had not learned from his master to distinguish corn from the ordinary pasture—if he did not know that this corn ought not to be eaten—if he were ignorant of the disposition of the sheep to trespass on it, his conduct would be without a motive, and there would be no sufficient reason for his acting.

"But, it is in the *chace* we should chiefly follow this animal, to observe the development of his intelligence. The chace is natural to the dog, as being a carniverous animal, by applying him to this exercise, man only modifies and attunes to its use, an aptitude and inclination which nature had given him for his self-preservation. Hence result in the actions of the dog, a twofold docility, acquired by the strokes of the whip, and from his natural propensity; each of which is perceptible in proportion to the circumstances that call forth his activity. Nature is left more freely to its own guidance in the hound, than in any other species of this animal; habit renders him in some degree attentive to the voice of the huntsman, but as he is not always under his eye, or within his guidance, it is necessary that his intelligence should act of itself, and his own experience sometimes rectify the judgment of his master. The care that is taken to hunt the stag that is first dislodged, and to correct the dogs, when they follow a new scent, accustom them to distinguish by their nose, the stag in question from every other: but the stag, tired of the pursuit, endeavours to defeat the hounds, by associating with a number of animals of his own species, and in this case a more exquisite discernment becomes necessary in the dog. From young dogs nothing of this can be expected, it belongs only to consumate experience to ap-

ply

ply an inſtant and ſure judgment in circumſtances ſo embarraſſing: thoſe, however, who have acquired but a ſmall degree of experience, afford to the attentive huntſman a ſpectacle of doubt, of examination and activity, worthy his attention. They waver and give every mark of heſitation; they apply their noſe very attentively to the ground, or rather they examine the hedges, where the contact of the body of the animal leaves a ſtronger ſcent; and they are determined at laſt by the voice of the huntſman, whoſe confidence is itſelf derived from the courſe of the oldeſt and ſureſt dogs. If in their ardour, they run beyond the ſcent, the chiefs of the pack take to themſelves, as infalliable means to recover it as man could employ, by tracing back their own footſteps till they have retrieved their error.

The *ſetting-dog*, has more continual and intimate relations with man, he hunts within his view, and almoſt under his hand; his maſter affords him pleaſure, for the pleaſure is mutual when the game is taken in the net; the game is then ſhewn to the dog; he is corrected if he has done wrong, careſſed if he has done right; his grief or his joy is in each caſe apparent, and between him and his maſter a commerce of ſervice, of gratitude, and reciprocal attachment is eſtabliſhed. When the ſetting dog is yet young, but rendered docile by the application of the whip, he attends only to the voice of his maſter, and follows his directions invariably; but as he is guided in the buſineſs he is purſuing, by a more acute and certain ſenſation than man can be, when age has given him ſufficient experience, he does not always obſerve the ſame obedience, notwithſtanding his acquired habit: If, for example, a partridge wounded, and an old experienced dog comes upon the trace of it, he will purſue it, nor will the voice and threats of his maſter produce any effect; he knows that he ſerves him by diſobeying him, and the careſſes that ſucceed, ſoon tell him that he ought in reality to diſobey. Thus the practice of intelligent ſportſmen is to inſtruct young dogs, and leave the old ones to themſelves.

I ſhall not dwell upon the other ſpecies of dogs, it is uſeleſs to adduce a multitude of facts, which all tend to the ſame point, and of which a few are ſufficient for our purpoſe.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HENRY VIII. *his ſkill in* CHIVALRY; *from Henry's Manners, &c. of the Engliſh, during the Reign of Henry the 7th and 8th.*

HENRY VIII. delighted in chivalry; its ſpirit neither perverted his judgment nor improved his heart; but its tournaments gratified his taſte for magnificence and his paſſion for arms. On theſe amuſements, in which he engaged as a conſtant combatant, his father's treaſures were profuſely expended. His weapons ſometimes were unuſual, at leaſt at tourneys, the battle-axe, and two-handed ſword; but theſe I ſuppoſe, were rebated or blunted, as the ſpears were with which the combatants were furniſhed. Yet on one occaſion his life was endangered by his favourite Brandon, who ſhivered a ſpear on his helmet, without perceiving that

that his vizor was open, and his face exposed to a mortal blow. At his interview with Francis, in *the Field of the cloth of Gold*, his strength and dexterity were both conspicuous, in a tournament perhaps the most splendid of the age. The two kings, who, with fourteen companions, had undertaken to encounter all who challenged, entered the lists with their assistants, sumptuously arrayed in the richest tissues; and in the presence of their queens, awaited the appearance of those knights whom the fame of their tournament was supposed to have attracted. Their opponents were ready—twelve gentlemen richly habited. Francis began; and after performing successive courses and breaking several spears with applause, was succeeded by Henry, who shivered his spear at the first encounter; at the second demolished his antagonist's helmet. Their justings were continued for five days, with equal splendour and similar success; and the minute descriptions of the attire of the knights, and the trappings of the horses, of their quaint devices and feats in arms, assure us that these spectacles were highly estimated.

On Gaming.

ALTHOUGH the following fragment militates in some degree from the general features of a *Sporting Magazine*, yet the Editors think there are among their readers many, who may not deem it undeserving their notice, on which account they have given it a place.

It is somewhere recorded, that Cobilon the Lacedemonian being sent to Corinth with a commission to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance, when he saw the captains and senators of that city playing at dice, returned home without doing any thing, saying, "that he would not so much sully the glory of the Spartans, as that it should be said, they had made a *league* with *gamesters*." Hence it should seem that the honest heathen took every man addicted to gaming for a fool or a knave; and therefore resolved not to have any dealings with such, as neither of those characters could be depended on.

The pernicious effects of gaming was so well understood by the grand impostor, Mahomet, that he thought it necessary to prohibit it expressly in the Alcoran, not as a thing in itself *naturally* evil, but only *morally* so, as it is a step to the greatest vices; for, whilst we captivate ourselves to chance, we lose our authority over our passions; being excited to immoderate desire, excessive hope, joy and grief, we stand or fall at the uncertain cast of the dice, or the turning up of a card; we are slaves to the feeblest wishes, which if they succeed not, we grow furious, profligate and impious; banishing all prudence, temperance and justice, we become impudent and fit for the blackest crimes: hence the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies, amongst the men—and amongst the women, the neglect of their domestic concerns, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion, and lately the known inlet to all lewdness, when, after an ill run, the fair one must answer the defects of the purse.

For the Sporting Magazine.

IN an account of the Manners and Customs of the Carribbees, or ancient inhabitants of the Windward

Windward Islands lately published, is the following passage, not unsuitable (it is presumed) to the Sporting Magazine.

"To draw the bow with unerring skill, to wield the club with dexterity and strength, to swim with agility and boldness, to catch fish, and to build a cottage, were acquirements of indispensible necessity; and the education of their children was well suited to the attainment of them. One method of making their boys skilful even in infancy in the exercise of the bow, was to suspend their food on the branch of a tree, compelling the hardy urchins to pierce it with their arrows, before they could obtain permission to eat it."

LETTER XV.

ON FOX HUNTING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT cannot but be extremely flattering to my feelings, to observe in your last acknowledgments to Correspondents a wish of one of them for a more speedy insertion of my letters; believe me, Gentlemen, nothing which encompasses the narrow limits of my abilities, is more than you are entitled to, for bringing forward a publication which is not only pleasing to myself, but the admiration of all my acquaintance; be assured that every future opportunity that presents itself shall be devoted to your interest; for the present, I am only sorry that time will not permit my entering upon a long epistle, as I have several matters to communicate, which I trust will be acceptable to my brethren.

Having already pointed out the necessity of a huntsman keeping close to his hounds, he will suppose his place fixed, and that of the first whipper-in (if two are kept) is not; I doubt not, gentlemen, but you will readily agree with me, that some genius is necessary in this man; for while the huntsman is riding to his headmost hounds, the whipper-in may shew his knowledge in various ways, he may clap forward to any great earth that may by chance be open, he may sink the wind to halloo, or mob a fox when the scent fails: he may keep him off his foil, he may stop the tail hounds, and get them forward; and provided he has understanding to discriminate, he has it frequently in his power to assist the hounds without doing them an injury. Indeed, what is, in my opinion, the most essential part of fox-hunting, the making and keeping the pack steady depends entirely upon him. To be brief on this head, I consider the first whipper-in as a secondary huntsman, and ought to possess a knowledge of hunting the hounds equal to the huntsman himself.

It cannot be too much recommended to the whipper-in, to get to the head of his hounds before he attempts to stop them; he should content himself, when the hounds are running a fox, with stopping such as are riotous; and should get them forward. In the punishment necessary to be inflicted on them, I would wish to draw a line between justice and barbarity; — punishment, when properly applied, will be the means of preventing future crimes.

In breaking-in young hounds, a whipper-in is sometimes apt to rate them before they commit the

 fault

fault: it may prevent them for that time; but they will run into the same error the next opportunity. Surely it would better to leave them alone, till you have discovered what they would be at. The discipline may then be proportioned to the degree in which the dog has offended.

To flog hounds in order to make them *obedient*, is unnecessary. Obedience being the first lesson they are taught, all that I would advise to be done, should any be more riotous than the rest, is, that they may receive a few cuts in the morning, before they leave the kennel.

Should your hounds prove unsteady, every possible means must be adopted to make them otherwise. A hare or a deer put into the kennel among them, may then be necessary. The discipline of the kennel, of which huntsmen in general are so remarkably fond, I have ever set my face against. Every animal undoubtedly has a certain claim to our kindness and benevolence, and the infliction of unnecessary punishment on one to whom we are indebted for so much diversion, is neither a mark of our good sense, or our humanity.

Let your whipper-in be extremely careful how he *encourages* the hounds — that improperly done, may spoil a good pack. It is a custom with these gentlemen, to rate a hound, and then endeavour to flog him. After having been rated, a dog will naturally avoid the whip; it should therefore be the business of the owner to insist, that whenever a hound shall deserve the lash, to hit him first, and rate him afterwards.

There is a great difficulty in keeping people in their proper places. "I have (says the ingenious author of *Thoughts on Hunting*) been obliged to step back to bring on hounds which my servants had left behind. I cannot (says he in a letter to a friend) give you a greater proof of the necessity there is, that a whipper-in should bring home all his hounds, than by telling you, that I had lost an old hound for ten days, and sent all the country over to enquire after him, and at last, when I thought no more about him, in drawing a large cover in the country where he had been lost, he joined the pack; exceedingly emaciated; and it was a long time before he recovered." I would always recommend, that the whipper-in be immediately sent back to look after the missing hounds; it will at least teach him to keep them more together.

There is not a more necessary part of fox-hunting, than the getting forward the tail hounds, and in this a whipper-in has the best opportunities of signalizing himself; he should also get forward himself when the huntsman is not with the hounds, where there is a second whipper-in, who of course, is not supposed to be so well acquainted with the management of hounds, it should be the business of the first to impress upon his mind, the necessity of staying so long as a single hound remains behind.

This subject has, in some degree been noticed in the second † letter I did myself the honour of writing to you; but as it was not so explicit as in my opinion it required, I thought it better to enter more fully into it in this place. In my next, some further directions respecting hounds, will appear, which I hope will merit your approbation. Your's, &c.

ACASTUS.

† See p. 126, Vol. I.

METHOD

Method *of taking and hunting* Bears *in* Kamtschatka.

THE Kamtschadales attack the bears various ways, and sometimes lay snares for them. Under a heavy trap supported by a pretty high scaffold, they place a bait of some kind or another to attract the bear, which no sooner smells it than he approaches to devour it; by doing this the animal shakes the feeble supporter of the trap, which falling upon his neck, punishes his voracity by crushing his head, and sometimes his whole body.

Sometimes the Kamtschadales go out in a company to hunt bears; at sight of a bear one of the hunters advances to begin the attack, which he does by presenting his left arm to the animal, having previously secured himself by thick pieces of wood, fastened lengthways upon the arm, in order that the bear may not break it at the first gripe. The moment the animal seizes the arm, the hunter strikes him with a lance within the left shoulder. After this stroke, the other hunters continually run their lances into the body of the animal, who often breaks the weapons; and, if the first stroke be not effectual, throws down his opponent, and strangles, or at last maims him.

But there is another method of hunting the bear; for which both strength and courage are necessary: a Kamtschadale sets out alone in quest of a bear, with no other arms but a fusee, a kind of a carbine, the butt end of which is very small, a lance, and his knife. All his provisions are confined to a pocket containing about a score of dried fish; and with this slender provision he penetrates into the thickest woods, and searches such places as are frequented by the animal. He generally posts himself among some bushes, or the reeds that grow on the borders of lakes and rivers, where he boldly waits with patience; if necessary he will remain thus on the watch a whole week, until a bear makes his appearance; and as soon as he perceives him, he fixes in the earth a forked stick, in order to support his musquet. By the help of this stick he is enabled to hold his piece with more steadiness, and to take a surer aim; though he uses only a small bullet, he seldom fails to hit the animal either in the head or the shoulders, which are the most sensible parts: but he must reload, for if the bear does not fall on the first discharge, he rushes furiously on the hunter before he has time to fire again. In such a case he has recourse to his lance, in order to defend himself from the animal, but his life will be in great danger if he does not mortally wound the bear; and it may be readily conceived that in these combats the hunter is not always the conqueror. This however does not prevent the inhabitants from exposing themselves in them almost every day, though they frequently see others perish. They cannot set out on a hunting excursion of this kind, without reflecting that they must either conquer or die, but the idea of this severe alternative neither intimidates nor checks them.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

YOU have given several instances of incongruous adoption in your truly entertaining Miscellany, and I think the following

lowing remarkable one of the extraordinary affection of a cat, towards an animal of a different species, has an equal claim to your attention.

Your's, &c.
I. I. B.

Two lads in the North of England, being a squirrel-hunting, found a nest, in which were two young ones; though they were quite helpless, and there was little hopes of their surviving the loss of their dam, yet to secure their prize, they took them home. One of these, which was as yet blind, was a matter of great anxiety, to its youthful possessor, from its helpless state, and his want of knowledge how to rear it. However, he was at length released from his care, by the extraordinary attachment of the family cat to the young squirrel, which she carried in her mouth (according to custom) placed near a kitten which she then had, and cherished as her own: in a few days it came to its sight, thrived very much for the space of eight months; was remarkable in sportive tricks, till it died suddenly, to the unspeakable chagrin of the hospitable cat, and its doting master.

Curious ACCOUNT *of a* HORSE-RACE *at* FLORENCE.

MRS. Piozzi, in her observations made in a journey through France, &c. after relating the religious ceremonies observed on the day of St. John the Baptist, the titulary saint of the city of Florence, thus describes a horse-race which followed:

" The street is now covered with saw-dust, and made fast at both ends; the starting-post is adorned with elegant booths, lined with red velvet for the court and first nobility; at the other end a piece of tapestry is hung, to prevent the creatures from dashing their brains out when they reach the goal. Thousands and ten thousands of people on foot fill the course, that it is a standing wonder to me still that numbers are not killed. The prizes are now exhibited to view, quite in the old classical stile: a piece of crimson damask for the winner, a small silver bason and ewer for the second; and so on, leaving no performer unrewarded. At last come out the *concurrenti* without riders, but with a narrow leathern strap hung across their backs, which has a lump of ivory fastened to the end of it, all set full of sharp spikes like a hedge-hog, and this goads them along while gallopping, worse than any spurs could do; because the faster they run the more this odd machine keeps jumping up and down, and pricking their sides ridiculously enough; and it makes one laugh to see some of them are not provoked by it not to run at all; but set about plunging in order to rid themselves of the inconvenience, instead of driving forwards to divert the mob, who leap, caper, and shout with delight, and lash the laggers along with great indignation indeed, and with the most comical gestures, I never saw horses in so droll a state of degradation before, for they were all striped or spotted, or painted of some colour to distinguish them from each other; and nine or ten of them start at a time, to the great danger of lookers on, I think."

THE

THE FEAST OF WIT: OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE JOKE RETURNED WITH INTEREST.

A GENTLEMAN not a hundred miles from Temple Bar, being lately in company where the conversation turned upon the various exercises, as cricket, &c. impudently demanded of a certain nobleman present, if he knew the game of *rounds?* Being answered in the negative, he bid his Lordship kiss his a—e through a hoop." This passed off as a joke; but the witty citizen soon repented; for being asked in his turn, and by the same nobleman, if he ever played at *squares?* "Why no, my Lord, I can't say that I ever even saw it played."—"Why, then, I'll shew you," replied his Lordship; and so saying, with great deliberation, he kicked the joker's b—de out of the room.

An Irish gentleman, who is now recruiting his company at Manchester, says, that when he was on the Continent, he found fifty-three *gold* assignats in the *breeches* pocket of a slain French *sans culotte.*

There is a prevalent (though we believe a very erroneous) opinion, that if a widow is married without cloathing, except a *chemise*, her second husband will be freed from her debts; a woman was about to try this delicate experiment lately at Manchester collegiate church. The clergyman, however, stopped the proceeding, and the couple were married with proper exterior habits, at least "for better for worse."

The following singular circumstance lately occurred at a small village in Yorkshire.—A young couple, tired with the fond dalliance of courtship (the time nearly two years) and wishing to enter into the holy state of matrimony, were, by their joint and mutual consent, on Sunday the 19th ult. asked in the church for the first time. On the succeeding Sunday, as the clergyman was publishing the banns the second time, the young woman (the intended bride) rose up, and with uncommon boldness, and a very audible voice, said, "I forbid it."—The clergyman stopped and interrogated her, when the heroine, with a smile, replied—"*I love another.*"

A traveller, a few days ago, on the road between Wrexham and Ruabon, had his attention suddenly arrested by the appearance of a bull drawing a cart, led by an ass!—An honest Welshman,

passing at the same moment, archly exclaimed, "Ah, poor John Bull, hur is sorry to see thee follow such *company*.

The Proposal of a Man to shoot himself.

A German surgeon, emulous of the honour lately conferred by the Emperor upon a Prussian of that profession, for his skill in the cure of wounds, has advertised, that, by dint of indefatigable researches, he has discovered a method of cure, so efficacious and speedy, that, for a certain security, and indubitable proof of his own superior skill, he is ready to receive any wound with a sabre, &c. upon the cranum, the fleshy parts of the arm, or any other part of the body, which he pledges himself to heal within twenty-four hours. In the close of his proposals he insinuates, that if any great personage should patronize the undertaking for the good of society, he should have no objections to *shooting himself*.

ANECDOTE.

A veteran of the *halbert*, who is employed in raising one of the new regiments of infantry, was overtaken a short time since, late in the evening, on horseback by a gentleman rider, who, taking him for an officer, brought him to his inn, and introduced him into the room where several gentlemen were about sitting down to supper The hero of the *worsted sash* modestly standing till the rest were set down, found the head of the table only left—there he was placed. Supper done, and all the glasses charged, after a long pause, the *Vice*, at the bottom of the table, wanting the first toast from the chair, calls to his military president, "*Well, Sir, what will you give us?*" The honest serjeant, better versed in the doctrine of BOUNTY MONEY than toasts, mistook the enquiry, and answered, quite in character, "*I'll give you fifteen guineas and a crown!*"

Anecdote of the late General Otway.

This brave officer, who had been many years in the army with the rank of colonel, was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his age, service, and circumstances. This he long objected to, but at last consented to, and applied to the chaplain of the regiment to write it. The divine concluded with the usual words, "And your petitioner shall ever *pray*." but to this the general strongly objected to, remarking, that it would have been proper for a parson, but was very improper for a soldier. I insist, let common forms be what they will, that you erase the word, and insert, "and your petitioner shall ever *fight*."—It was presented, and he had the first vacant regiment.

The following copy of a letter, lately sent by an attorney, proves, that *law* and *literature* are not always the inhabitants of the same head:

"Mr. ——

"I am authorized by R. J. of L—————— to *Sue you* for your wife fforcably and very Ingerously Entering his house in his wife and his Apcence and taking thereout a Quantity of Malt by Which you Much affrited his Children and unless you come to the Jorge inn in O————y within the Space of One Hour and Settle the Same with the Costs of this Letter, he Certainly will get a *Warrant* against you to day. I m, &c."

CURI...

French phrases.

THE other day I happened to dine with a few friends at a tavern; the invitation ran in these words: "That beef-steaks were to be the *order of the day.*" After dinner, the landlord was informed that his old port was in a *state of requisition*; which he complied with more cheerfully than the Brabanters seem to comply with the *requisitions* of the French. Even at dinner, the oil and vinegar were decreed to be *permanent:* and two friends, who unexpectedly joined us, were *affiliated* with the company and decreed the *honours of the sitting*. Some of us ventured to *inculpate* the boiled fowls; and the *organization* of the sallad was given with an *official expedition*, to a gentleman well versed in the article. Even the King's health was drank with *acclamations*, "all the members starting up, and laying their hands upon their hearts.'.

In the course of the afternoon, a gentleman *denounced* the waiter for having brought a bottle which was not of the right sort, and it was decreed that this gentleman *deserved well of the company*. The crime was imputed to the *indiscipline* of taverns, and a *mandatarian* dispatch was immediately sent to the landlord, which produced a *revolution* in the old *binn!*

When the bill was called, it was referred, "to *the committee of finance*;" and their report being made, it was declared to amount to *twenty-three livres per man:* which being duly liquidated, the *assignat* was burnt; and, each gentleman receiving the *fraternal embrace*, we parted.

Old English.

P. S. I forgot to mention that it was with some difficulty I prevented a very fine plumb pudding, (of which I am remarkably fond) from being declared *one* and INDVISIBLE! I urged the *imprescriptible rights* of appetite, and I was heard with *applause!*

Anecdote *of* Cruelty.

AS the Emperor Basilius Maredo was hunting, in which he took great delight, a great stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horns in the emperor's girdle, and dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life: which a gentleman of the retinue perceiving, drew his sword, and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe the reward:—he was sentenced to death, for putting his sword so near the person of the emperor! and suffered accordingly!

The King *and the* Baronet.

The following is related by Waller, *of that merry Monarch* Charles II.

"I WAS much pleased with a conversation which I overheard a few days ago between the king and an honest *Worcestershire* Baronet, who was lately elected for a borough in that county. The good-natured man came up to seek his seat among us; and, as he lived in the neighbourhood of the royal oak, he supposed that he could not pay a better compliment to his majesty, than by bringing him a branch of his old asylum. "Who is that Antique (said the king with a withered

withered branch in his hand?"—"It is Sir *Thomas* ***, member for ***.

King.— Sir *Thomas*, I am glad to see you: I hope you can give a good account of our friends in *Worcestershire*.

Sir Tho.—I wish I could, please your majesty; but there is a blacksmith's wife—

King.—No matter for her. I enquired only after the health of your family.

Sir Tho. — Thank God!—in good health—but this woman, please your majesty.

King.—What of her?

Sir Tho.—Has sworn a child to your majesty.

King.—I am glad of it—I do remember that I met a woman, when I went a wood-cutting with farmer *Penderell*.

Sir Tho.—A rosy complexion, please your majesty!

King.—No matter! what is become of the woman and her child?—

Sir Tho.—She is very well taken care of, please your majesty; the churchwardens are my tenants, and I ordered them to allow her an upper sheet.

King.—Fye! fye!

Sir Tho.—Please your majesty, I was near losing my election by it. Some of that parish were freemen, and they said that I, as a magistrate, ought to have sent a warrant to your majesty, to give a bond to the parish, or to pay ten pounds.

King.—Why did you not do your duty?

Sir Tho.—Because, please your majesty, I thought it my duty not to do it. Your majesty has been at a great expence of late—in that way.

King. True; very true Sir *Thomas!* what is that branch in your hand? Some token, I suppose, by which you hold your lands—

Sir Tho.—No; 'tis something by which your majesty holds your lands.—'Tis a branch of that blessed oak which preserved your majesty's precious life.

King.—This is a wooden compliment; but it is honest, and I thank you for it. You have wit; Sir *Thomas*; why do not we see you oftener at court?

Sir Tho.—I can do your majesty much more service in the country, by keeping up a spirit of loyalty and good-will towards you amongst my neighbours.

King.—And how do you manage that point?

Sir Tho.—I give them beef, and bid 'em fall to without the long grace of the roundheads. Then I give them strong beer, and they cry, *God bless your majesty*.

King.—If that is the Toast, Sir *Thomas* you are the king; and in truth, I think you govern with profound policy.—Could I adopt the same measures, I should have much less trouble; but there is no finding *beef* enough for that *hungry* circle which you see there.

Sir Tho.—God bless your majesty! I have ten fat oxen in *Worcestershire*; and nine of them are heartily at your majesty's service.

This bountiful offer of the honest baronet's made the king laugh so violently, that it put an end to the conversation.

Curious Advertisement.

From an old South Carolina Gazette.

'THE famous ass Roana, just arrived from Spain, will cover the ensuing season, at Doctor Loocock's plantation, called Bachelor's Bluff, on Wando River, at two guineas each mare, and a dollar to the groom. This

The pedigree of the ſaid aſs is as follows; he was got by Senhoir, a noted aſs of Don Alphonſo Rodriguez de Alcazor, which Senhoir was got by Pedro, belonging to the Duke de Medina Carli, got by Bravado, Philip the Fourth's favourite ſtate aſs, whoſe ſire was Pope Innocent's Bad, whoſe grandſire was Sancho Pancha's Dapple, got by Zeriff, which was ſent to Iſabella of Spain, by Roxana, favourite Sultana to Abderman, King of Morocco, and got by Oſman the Great's Sultana, who was got by Ottoman, an aſs belonging to Omar, whoſe ſire was Medina that carried the Prophet Mahomet to Mecca, whoſe ſire was Semiramis's Priapus, whoſe great ſire was Nebuchadnezzar's Bell, and great great ſire was Balaam's N[illegible]heleſs, whoſe great great great grandſire came with Noah out of the ark.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

PERCEIVING that you notice extraordinary inſtances or ſpirit in the canine race, I am induced to ſend you the following, which I have ſome reaſon to think you will give a place in your next number, and am

Your's, &c.

Darlington.

Nov. 18, 1794.

On Wedneſday November 5, a terrier dog belonging to Mr. John Hall, of Middleton Tyas, in Yorkſhire, for a wager of ten guineas, made the following runs: viz. the firſt mile in *two* minutes; the ſecond in *four*; the third in *ſix*; the fourth in *eight*; and fifth and ſixth in *eighteen* minutes; all of which he completed with the greateſt eaſe, and had ſix minutes to ſhew. He alſo ran *ſix miles* in *thirty-two* minutes. It is to be remarked, that this animal is very ſmall, and only one year old. The firſt hare he ever ſaw, he run her into a drain, and killed her. The father of this dog, (who is alſo the property of Mr. Hall) this gentleman will match againſt any in Yorkſhire or Durham, of his own age and ſize (being at this time five years old) his height is about 15 inches, and in every reſpect a moſt beautiful animal.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

FREQUENTLY obſerving in your much admired publication, mention made of the different *routs*, *aſſemblies*, and other amuſements of our *faſhionable belles*, I am of an opinion, that the following *deſcription of a rout* may lay claim to inſertion; if you agree with me in that reſpect, you will doubtleſs let it appear in your next, and oblige

Your humble ſervant,

Spadille.

Pall Mall,

Nov. 15, 1794.

A rout is an aſſemblage of people of faſhionat the houſe of one of them; the manner of *making a rout* is this:

Lady A, Lady B, or Lady C, or any other *capital* in the alphabet of faſhion, chuſes a diſtant night, which may not interpoſe with any other *rout*, but which, if poſſible, may claſh with ſome public amuſement, and make a noiſe in the world. She iſſues cards, intimating that on the night ſpecified, 'ſhe ſees company.' Theſe cards are ſent to ſeveral hundred people; not becauſe they are relations, or friends, or acquaintance; but

becauſe

because she has *seen* them, or because their presence will give an *eclat* to the thing.

Before eleven o'clock at night, which is *high tide*, the house is crouded with company of both sexes, and of all ranks. Card tables are placed in every room in the house; and as many in each room as will bearly leave *interstices* for the players to set or move about. Coffee, tea, and lemonade are handed to the company.

Confusion is the very essence of a *rout*; and every body who gives a *rout*, takes measurement of the fashion, and not of her house. Many more persons are invited than the place will hold; and she enjoys the inconvenience, the fatigue of the heat, and other circumstances peculiar to a *rout*, with as much heartfelt pleasure, as a player, who hears the screams and noise of an immense crowd flocking to his benefit, the blunders of servants, the missing articles of dress, or the tearing them; the repeated exclamations of good God! how hot it is! bless me! Lady Betty, I am ready to faint! Dear me! Oh la! &c. these afford exquisite satisfaction to the lady of the house; whose hapiness may be deemed perfect, if she hears that the street has been in an uproar, or that some of the nobility's servants have been fighting, some of the carriages broke, or some of the company robbed by pick-pockets at the door.

Pharo tables are indispensible at *routs*; and these, as well as the cards, and other implements of gaming, are provided by a set of gentlemen at the other end of the town, who make a comfortable livelihood, by letting out their furniture per night.

At a *rout*, it is not necessary to take much notice of the lady of the house, either at entrance or exit; but you must provide a seat at some table, *win* if you can; but at all events *lose* something. Very considerable losses ennoble a *rout* much; and if you can have the credit of a young heir, being done over at your *rout*, it establishes the credit of your house for ever.

Such is a *rout*; and of such *routs* it is not uncommon to hear, that there is no less than *six* in one night; a circumstance extremely encouraging to those who, upon the faith of people of fashion, embark their property in the establishment of operas and theatres.

New Mode of using a Fowling-piece after Dinner.

A. B. *v.* RICHARD PRINCE.

THIS was an application to the court for a new trial.—The plaintiff, an attorney, had married a lady of exquisite sensibility of nerves, and he invited the defendant to assist him in shooting woodcocks, to present to one of her relations. Mr. Prince accepted of the invitation.

When they returned from the sport, Prince was requested by the plaintiff not to make any noise in the house, as his wife was in a very precarious state of health. But unfortunately both parties became drunk after dinner. The defendant was exceedingly riotous, and could not for a long time be prevailed upon to quit the house. This was at last accomplished by a stratagem; but as soon as he found himself excluded, he called for his gun, loaded it deliberately, and fired at the plaintiff's house. The shot

struck

ſtruck the door, ſet it on fire, and threw the plaintiff's wife into hyſterics. She remained in a bad ſtate of health for a long time after this event. The plaintiff brought this action to recover the expences of her illneſs; but the jury on trial, found a verdict for the defendant. The preſent motion was to ſet the verdict aſide, on the ground that it was againſt evidence, and the directions of the judge who tried the cauſe. The court were of opinion that the whole buſineſs had ariſen out of a drunken frolic, and that no action lay if a nervous perſon was injured by the firing of a gun. Treſpaſs undoubtedly lay for firing at the door; but the jury were judges of the evidence, and nothing had appeared to demonſtrate that they had determined improperly. —Rule refuſed.

Pedigree and Performances of the famous Horſe ORPHEUS, *own Brother to* DUCHESS; *the property of* THOMAS BURDON, *Eſq. of Cleveland, Yorkſhire.*

ORPHEUS was got by Le Sang, out of Calliope.

Le Sang was got by Changeling, own brother to the celebrated ſtallion Match'm, out of Mr. Fenwick's Ducheſs; which was the Dam of Dux, Chymiſt, Phœnix, &c. &c.

Calliope was got by Slouch, her dam Mr. John Coate's Laſs of the Mill, by Oroonoko, which was the dam of North Star, Little Davy, North Briton, Melpomene and Atalanta and his great grand-dam by Old Traveller, great great grand dam was Mr. Holmes's Miſs Makeleſs.

1777. York, Auguſt 20th, 50l. by 3 yr olds, Orpheus won, beating 12 others, and Mr. J. Coates.

1778. York, Auguſt 24th, a ſweepſtakes of 100 guineas, by 4 yr olds, 5 ſubſcribers, Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus won, beating 2 others.

Northallerton. October 15th, a ſweepſtakes of 20 guineas each, 6 ſubſcribers, Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus walked over.

New Malton, October 21, 50l. by 4 yr olds, 2-mile heats, Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus won, beating Mr. Hebdin's Macheath, by Camillus, and 3 others. Macheath ſtarted 7 times this year, was never beat but by Orpheus. 5 and 6 to 4 on Orpheus.

1779. Pickering, Yorkſhire, May 5th, 50l. wt. for age, one 4-mile heat, Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus won, beating Truſty and 2 others. 7 to 2 on Orpheus.

Lancaſter. June 9th, a ſweepſtakes of 10 guineas each, 14 ſubſcribers, wt. for age, one 3-mile heat, Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus won, beating Ld Surry's Eclipſe colt, and Mr. Pratt's Trincolo. 5 to 2 on Orpheus.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, June 21, his Majeſty's 100gs for 5 yr olds, 10ſt. Mr. Coate's Orpheus won, 10 to 1 he won. 25th, Nobleman's 50l. wt. for age, Mr. Coate's Orpheus won, beating Icelander and Graceful.

Carliſle, July 5th, his Majeſty's 100gs by 5 yr olds, 8ſt. 7lb. 4-mile heats, Mr. Coate's Orpheus won. 5 to 1 he won.

Same day a ſweepſtakes of 10gs each, for all ages; 11 ſubſcribers; one 4 mile heat. Mr. Coate's Orpheus won, beating 3 others. 5 to 1 he won.

1780. Hexham. June 7th, a ſweepſtakes of 10gs each, 10 ſubſcribers, wt. for age, one 4-mile heat, Mr. Bake's Orpheus won, beating Trincolo and Parthian. 2 to 1 he won.

9th,

9th, 50l. wt. for age, Mr. Burdon's Orpheus, 8st. 12lb. won, beating Charlotte, 7st. and two others, 3 and 4 to 1 he won.

York, August 21, his Majesty's 100gs, for 6 yr olds, 12st. one 4-mile heat. Mr. J. Coate's Orpheus won, beating Somebody, Wisbeck, Knavestock, and Nimrod. 2 to 1 he won.

24th, 50l. added to a great subscription, for 6 yr olds and aged horses. Mr. T. Burdon's Orpheus won, beating Magnum Bonum, Tantarium, Bourdeaux, and Little Askam, even betting.

Morpeth, Sept. 22, 100l. wt. for age, 4-mile heats. Mr. Burdon's Orpheus won at 2 heats, beating Captain Tart and Stanton.

Performances of DUCHESS.

1778 HUNMANBY, May 28, a subscription of 26gs each, 12 subscribers, by 3 yr olds, one 2-mile heat. Mr. J. Coate's Duchess won, beating 8 others; even betting between him and Mr. Wentworth's Victor.

1779. York, August 25th, a sweepstakes of 50 guineas each, 16 subscribers, by 4 yr olds, one 4-mile heat. Mr. J. Coate's b. f. Duchess won, beating 8 others.

Richmond, Sept. 8, a sweepstakes of 20gs. 10 subscribers, one 3-mile heat. Mr. J. Coate's br. f. Duchess won, beating Mr. W. T. Joliff's filly, and Prince Ferdinand—3 to 1 she won.

9th, His Majesty's 100gs by 5 yr old mares, 10st. one 4-mile heat. Mr. J. Coate's Duchess, 4 yrs old, won, beating Mr. Garforth's Prince, and 3 others—6 to 4 she won.

Same day, 50l. wt for age, 2 mile heats. Mr. J. Coate's Duchess won, beating Bumblekite—4 to one on Duchess.

* For pedigree of celebrated running mares, see Orpheus.

Northallerton, Oct. 13, a subscription of 20gs each 4 subscribers, wt. for age, one 4-mile heat, Mr. J. Coate's Duchess won beating Mortonia and Icelander. 2 and 3 to 1 she won.

1780. Newcastle upon Tyne, June 21st, his Majesty's 100gs by 5 yr olds, 10st. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess walked over, 3-mile heats.

Carlisle, July 5, his Majesty's 100gs for 5 yr olds 8st. 7lb. 4-mile heats. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Wisgig, by Eclipse—3 to 1 she won.

8th, 50l. wt for age, a winner of a royal plate, 5lb. extra. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Mr. Vever's Young Morwick, and Sheepstealer—3 to 1 she won.

York, August 19 his Majesty's 100gs by 5 yr old mares, 10st one 4-mile heat. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess walked over.

23d, 50l. added to a great subscription for 5 yr olds, one 4-mile heat. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Captain Tart, Reaper, Somebody, Mortonia, and Honest Robin.

Richmond, Yorkshire, Sept. 6, a gold cup, value 150l. wt for age, one 4-mile heat. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Antonia and 2 others—20 to 1 she won.

Doncaster, Sept. 27, a gold cup, value 100gs, wt for age one 4-mile heat. Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Abdallah and 3 others—6 to 1 she won.

28th, 100l. wt for age, winner of a great subscription at York 4lb. extra, one 4-mile heat, Mr. T. Burdon's Duchess won, beating Whizgig and 3 others—3 to 1 she won.

1781, York, August 25th, 50l. added to a great subscription purse, for 6 yr olds and aged horses,

ſes, one 4-mile heat, Mr. T. Burdon's Dutcheſs won, beating Fearnought, Somebody, Reaper, Captain Tart, and Tantarium.

Morpeth, Sept. 21, 100l. wt for age, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Icelander and Wickham, 3 to 1 ſhe won.

Northallerton, Oct. 13, winner of one 50l. 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb. or more, 7lb., a King's plate 5lb. extra. 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Mr. Weatherell's Amazon, and Mr. Barlowe's Moſes, 2 to 1 on Ducheſs.

1782. Cheſterfield, Derbyſhire, Aug. 29, 50l. wt for age, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Mr. Waſtell's Eyebright.

Morpeth, Sept. 18, 50l. wt. for age, a winner 3lb. extra, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Sheepſtealer and Camomile, 7 to 4 ſhe won.

20th, 100l. wt. for age, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Judge Jefferies, and diſtanced Mr. Pratt's Privateer. Ducheſs the favourite.

Northallerton, Oct. 12, 50l. wt for age, winner of one 50l. 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb. or more, 7lb. extra, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, 9ſt. 7lb. beating Shrimp, 8ſt. 10lb. and Petrarch, 7ſt. 4lb. at ſtarting, 6 to 4 on Petrarch, and firſt heat 2 to 1 he won, after ſecond heat, 8 to 1 on Ducheſs.

1783. Edinburgh, July 15, his Majeſty's 100gs. wt for age, 4-mile heats, Mr. T. Burdon's Ducheſs won, beating Amazon, Diſguiſe, and Buſkin.

Alnwick, Aug. 7, 50l. wt. for age, Mr. Gregſon's Shephard won Ducheſs broke down, 5 to 1 ſhe won.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

BEING, in the opinion of my neighbours, a *ſportſman*, I think it incumbent on me, as ſuch, to inform you of a moſt extraordinary courſe which I was witneſs to, on the 8th of November, and beg you to inſert the ſame in the next Number, of thoſe ſo well adapted to excite curioſity, to add mirth to the hours of conviviality, and to inſpire the breaſt with emulation. On Saturday, I accompanied a friend of mine to Aſcot Heath, attended by a brace of as fine dogs as ever were turned into a field, to take the diverſion of courſing. We had not beat half an hour, when I diſcovered a remarkable fine hare ſitting; and whether ſhe was aſleep, or in the moſt profound contemplation, I cannot aſcertain; but certain it is, ſhe ſuffered me to diſmount, take her in my arms, and even bag her, without ſcarcely any reſiſtance. We carried her about a mile from her ſeat, and turned her out. Away they went, and ran further from home, full another mile, with innumerable turns; then brought her back half way, where one dog gave in; but the other ſtill continued the chace to the very place where we firſt found her. There they both dropped, entirely ſpent, and on my coming up, found them laying ſide by ſide breathleſs. Poor puſs could run no further, and the dog (weltering in his own gore, which iſſued in torrents from his noſe) had not ſtrength to kill the little animal, who as deſervedly merits the life he ſo hardly ſtruggled for. My dog! for whom I had been repeatedly offered 16 guineas, died in about two

two hours, having broken an amazing large artery.

If you think this worthy your notice, you may insert it for fact, on the word of, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,
BONIFACE BUCKSKIN.

Egham, Nov. 18, 1794.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SEPTEMBER 16.

TO determine a considerable wager between Mr. Lackington and Mr. Willan, the Winchester mail coach, with four horses and passengers, was drove into the former gentleman's shop, (at the Temple of the Muses, corner of Finsbury Square) which it turned round, and came out again, without damaging any part of the premises; Mr. L. who followed the coach in his chariot, generously rewarded the mail-coachman by a present of ten guineas.

SEPTEMBER 29.

A chesnut mare belonging to W. T. Dickings, Esq. of Durham, trotted sixteen miles on the Auckland Road, in fifty-six minutes and fifty-two seconds, notwithstanding she had four times to turn; one of which turns was occasioned by a person on horseback gallopping past, which occasioned her to go into a canter.

OCTOBER 5.

Was rung by the society of London Youths, at the church of of St. James's, Clerkenwell, a true and complete peal of grandsire quatuor, consisting of seven thousand and two changes; and was performed with accuracy in four hours and three quarters, by the following persons: Treble, Mr. Lacy; second, Mr. Wood; third, Mr. Gardner; fourth, Mr. Grose; fifth, Mr. Meekins; sixth, Mr. Holt; seventh, Mr. Isaacs, eighth, Mr. Mills; ninth, Mr. Lawrence; and the tenor by Mr. Patrick. The peal was called by Mr. Lacy.

OCTOBER 13.

For a bet of 20l. Mr. Thomas Pugh's famous black mare Bess, trotted, drawing a light jockey-cart, in which were Mr. Pugh and his wife, from the market-house at Romford to Whitechapel church, in one hour and twenty minutes; being ten minutes within the time limited for the performance.

The mare, three hours afterwards, for a wager of ten guineas, trotted against Mr. Housley's roan gelding, Moulder, four miles on the same road, whom she beat with great ease.

The day being remarkable fine, a great number of sporting gentlemen attended, and very considerable bets were laid, particularly on the first race.

OCTOBER 18.

An otter, weighing upwards of 40lb. was caught in a snare, between Ware and Hertford, on the river Lea; there are a great number of those amphibious animals near the above-mentioned places, by which the fishery is much hurt. No otter dogs have been kept by gentlemen near that river for many years.

OCTOBER 23.

Was determined, on Hackney Road, a considerable wager between Mr. Pugh and Mr. Lunt; the conditions of which was, that a hunter belonging to the latter gentleman should draw in a chaise, Mr. Watty, who is very corpulent, and weighs upwards of eighteen stone, eight miles on a turnpike road within an hour.

The

The horſe, who is very old and broken-winded, performed his taſk in fifty-eight minutes.

On Saturday, November 1, in the evening, a complete peal of 5040 grandſire tripples was rung at Horſham, Suſſex, in three hours and three minutes, and performed in order as follows, viz. Thomas Lintott, Horſham, treble; Anthony Lintott, ditto, ſecond; James Lintott, ditto, third; Edward Aldridge, ditto, fourth; Harry Weller, ditto, fifth; Benj. Simmons, Leatherhead, ſixth; George Garnet, Dorking, ſeventh; John Foreman, Horſham, tenor. The bobs were called by Anthony Lintott.

LEEDS, NOV. 3.

Laſt week, as Mr. Samuel Fell, of Backbarrow, near Ulverſton, was angling for ſalmon, in the Backbarrow Water, he obſerved a fiſh of an unuſal ſize moving around a deep hole. On its drawing near the water-ſide, its back became dry. He immediately threw his line over it, and, after two or three attempts, fixed his hook (which was tied to only five hairs) in its back, a few inches above the tail. After a conteſt of about two hours, Mr. Fell found himſelf able to ſubdue his prize; and though unable to drag it to ſhore with his line, he nevertheleſs overcame it ſo far as to draw it out by the tail. He then conveyed it in a wheelbarrow to a neighbouring village, called Haverthwaite, where men, women, and children were gathered together to view this wonderful fiſh. The next day Mr. Fell took it to Kendall market, where he ſold it for ten-pence a pound. It proved to be ſturgeon, and weighed 87lb. Its length was nine feet ſeven inches.

THE ASS AND THE BULL.

A race between two ſuch animals would not appear very promiſing—but it is a fact that ſuch a race was run, on Wedneſday, the fifth of November, at Low Laughton, near New Mills, in Derbyſhire—that it was ſharply conteſted, and won by the bull, at four heats. It was done in turf ſtile, each animal having a rider, properly equipped, with ſpurs and whips. The bull, whoſe ſtrength and diſpoſition might not readily ſubmit to the guidance of reins, had a ring through his noſe, from which chains were hung on his horns, and then from a bridle. Many bets were depending.

GUILDFORD, NOV. 6.

Monday was uſhered in with ringing of bells, &c. on account of the annual game-feaſt given by Mr. Botham. This gentleman is become ſuch a favourite in this borough, that out of about 120 voters, near 100 dined with him. The dinner conſiſted of thirty-five brace of partridges, eight brace of pheaſants, and ten brace of hares. After dinner many loyal toaſts were drank, and the whole day ſpent with the utmoſt conviviality and good order.

BOXING.

November 12th, Ward and Mendoza fought on Bexley Common. They began at half paſt one o'clock; for three or four rounds the advantage appeared in favour of Ward, Mendoza falling at the end of each; but then his ſuperiority became conſpicuous—he received his adverſary's blows with ſuch ſkill as to render them uſeleſs, and at the ſame time exerted his own, ſo that the conteſt was apparently ſettled ſome minutes before it was declared to be ſo.

Ward appeared to be conſcious of the ſuperiority of his antagoniſt, for he endeavoured to avoid inſtead of being eager for the conteſt at the latter part of it. Mendoza, on the contrary, gained confidence and vigour as he went on; and in a quarter of an hour he was proclaimed the victor. It ſeemed to be the general opinion that Ward might have tried the effect of a few more rounds, but that he was prudent in giving up, becauſe he had no chance of winning.

On Thurſday Morning, Nov. 13th, a hawk was ſhot by a young gentleman off the Cliff, near Lewes, which held firmly graſped within its talon's, even when proſtrate on the earth, the headleſs body of a blackbird.

CUMBERLAND HUNT.

Whitehaven, Nov. 18. There was a very numerous company at the laſt day's hunt, at Egremont; and the entertainments cloſed for the ſeaſon, with a very ſplendid ball, on Thurſday evening, at the aſſembly-room in this town: at which were preſent about a hundred ladies and gentlemen.

REMARKABLE FOX CHACE.

In February laſt, a moſt ſevere chace was run by the dogs belonging to the gentlemen farmers of Clowton, Hackneſs, and Staunton-dale, in the North-Riding of the county of York. About forty horſemen, and twenty couple of dogs, after running a train of five miles, unkenneled at eleven o'clock, and did not kill until half paſt four; only four of the dogs were in at the death, accompanied but by two of the horſemen, Mr. John Leadlah, and Mr. Robert Mead.—Several of the horſes died that evening, and others were unfit for the field that ſeaſon.—The Fox croſſed the Derwent ſix times in the courſe of the chace, and is ſuppoſed to have run upwards of ſixty miles. He was killed in the pariſh of Hackneſs.

A pack of hounds was ſome time ſince ſent to the Continent, for the diverſion of the Britiſh officers belonging to the Duke of York's army.

One night this month, a poſtboy, in the ſervice of Mr. Hicks of Brighton, being drunk, and going out of his road to take up a fare unknown to his maſter, drove over the Cliffs, near Hove, by which accident the chaiſe was broken to pieces; but the man and horſes luckily eſcaped unhurt.

A few evenings ſince, a perſon at Litchfield, for a wager of half a guinea, went from the Three Crowns Inn, in ten minutes, to the top of one of the ſpires of Litchfield cathedral, and fired a brace of piſtols over the weathercock, which he performed without any accident, though the evening was extremely dark. There are ladders erected to repair the ſpire.

A gentleman in Leeds has a horſe, which after being kept up in the ſtable for ſome time, and turned into the field, where there is a pump well ſupplied with water, will regularly obtain a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity;—for this purpoſe the animal is obſerved to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, in a way exactly ſimilar to that done by the hand of man, until a ſufficiency of what nature calls for is procured into the trough.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A WHIMSICAL WAGER.

A wager of a very whimſical nature has lately been made, and has not, as we underſtand, been yet determined. A ſporting gentleman propoſed to depoſit 50 guineas that he would find a man in the room where they were ſitting, who ſhould any time within a month, fight any man of *equal weight and age* in the kingdom; the depoſit to be forfeited if an adverſary was not produced within that time. This propoſal was immediately accepted by a gentleman of the Turf, who could perceive nothing Herculean in the appearance of any of the company: but what was his ſurpriſe, when the propoſer pulled out of the chimney-corner—*an old man, upwards of ninety years of age, and as light as a butterfly!*

The intrepid veteran, then whom nothing more fragile and ſhadowy ever yet appeared in a human form, readily undertook the conteſt, if a ſuitable competitor could be found. But of this there ſeems to be very little chance; for beſides the difficulty of procuring ſuch another *atom* of a man, how can they expect to bring a buffer of the *laſt century* at preſent on the ſtage?

This pugiliſtic little ſage is ſaid to be grandfather to a well-known waiter about the town, called *Billy Venables.*

QUERIES TO CRIBBAGE-PLAYERS.

Two perſons playing cribbage, with four cards in hand each, and four in the crib. The cards were ſo played that the dealer got the game the firſt hand, and his adverſary held none and played only one hole. What were the cards in each hand and crib? How were they played, and what was the ſtart card?

In France, ſome years ago, the rigorous exerciſe of the game laws was conſidered as arbitrary and oppreſſive indeed; and they are ſaid to have been one grand cauſe of that revolution which has ſince happened, and which all Europe ſuffers by; and God only knows when theſe miſeries will ceaſe, or how much farther extend.—Every means ſhould be uſed to preſerve the peace of this country, and impreſs on the minds of the inhabitants a due regard for its preſent happy conſtitution, and to rectify, by legal means, the errors which have crept in upon us. Of theſe, our game laws, here in Britain, are conſidered as the moſt repugnant to liberty and the ſpirit of our Conſtitution; as ſuch, we would earneſtly recommend, at this critical juncture, ſuch alterations made in them, by act of parliament, as will leſſon their odium, and prevent their being longer deemed the inſtruments of oppreſſion in one claſs of men, of plunder in another, and the cauſe of horrid fines and impriſonments to a third.

THE CAST DRAGOON HORSE.

A ludicrous circumſtance lately occurred in the Caſtle Yard, Dublin:—A farmer ſome time ſince purchaſed of an old trooper a horſe which was worn out in the caſtle duty; the beaſt being quiet, the farmer mounted his daughter on it, and ſent her to town with milk—ſhe unluckily arrived at the Exchange at the time of relieving guard, the horſe hearing the muſic to which he had long been accuſtomed, became ungovernable by her, and trotting, ſnuffing and ſnorting, as he went into the Caſtle Yard, carried his rider and her pails into the midſt of the ranks, to the no ſmall amuſement of all preſent.

Lately died at Bridgnoth, at the advanced age of 89, Mr. William Yates, well known as a celebrated bowler, for 50 years, on the different greens of Bridgnorth, Linley, and the Hundred House,

A few days ago one of the City Sportsmen shot his pointer for *standing still.* The poor dog, it seems, was actually doing his duty, *and at a point!*

FOX CHASE.

On Wednesday se'nnight, Mr. Meynell's hounds had one of the severest runs from Ashby Pastures, ever remembered in this country: the whole was one continued burst of an hour and fifty minutes, without the interval of a single check, notwithstanding the change to a fresh scent after about the first hour. As it was not endways run, the huntsmen and three or four others who had skirted with judgment, came up just after the fox was killed; but the only four people who lay well with the hounds throughout, were Mess. Cholmondley, Forrester, Morant, and Sir Henry Featherstone, and the horses were all much distressed at the end. The rest of a very numerous field were completely beat from the first, and never made their appearance at all. The unrivalled superiority of the hounds was as remarkable in their carrying so fine a head during every part of such a severe race, as it always is in a cold hunting-chace.

The two rival horses, Waxy and Brother to Precipitate, stand foremost on the list for the first class at the Oatland Stakes of 50gs each, to be run at the next Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and are handicaped as follows;

	st.	lb
Waxy, 4 ys old	9	4
Brother to Precipitate, 4 yrs	9	2

Eighteen other horses are named to run with the above: the heaviest weighted of which, an aged horse is to carry only 8st. 12lb. other 4 year olds are to carry 8st. 4lb. and one of the same year, only 7st. 10lb.

Several matches were made at the last Newmaket Meeting, to be run at Brighton in July next; which, with what has before appeared in the Racing Callendar, will occasion more running than has been known in that place for a number of years past.

The Coursing Meeting this month at Swaffham was most numerously and splendidly attended, and there was much sport in the field. The silver cup was won by a dog belonging to James Crowe, Esq. of Norwich, beating Anthony Hammond's Esq. of Westacre.—The Assemblies were filled with a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen from various parts of the kingdom.

A most melancholly accident happened last week to Lord Monson's game-keeper. He went out on Friday morning with his gun, and not returning at his usual time, apprehensions were created for his safety; and on Saturday he was found dead in Skillingthorpe Woods, Lincolnshire, leaning in an upright posture against a hedge, his brains blown out, and his gun laying by him, it is conjectured that the accident was caused, either by the trigger of the gun being touched as he was getting over the hedge, or by the accidental discharge of the piece whilst he was in the act of charging it.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS.

IN THE

Popular Operatic Entertainment

OF

ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH.

MR. INCLEDON.

WITH pride we steer'd for England's coast,
Her hills arose in misty blue;
Six prizes of the line our boast,
Another struck and sunk in view!
O still to guard this isle, the battle we'll sustain,
And dare the perils of the stormy main!

Within the bosom of the land,
The claims of relative and friend,
The prowess of our fleets demand:
Their rights upon our arms depend.—
O still to guard this isle, the battle we'll sustain,
And dare the perils of the stormy main!

Sweet love, this bosom knows thy pow'r,
The dashing waves that foam along,
Hear Fanny's name at midnight hour,
The tender burthen of my song:
For England's lovely dames the battle we sustain,
And dare the perils of the stormy main!

SONG.—MR. BOWDEN.

O BRING me wine, bright source of mirth!
For from the favoured lips
Of him who joyous sips,
The jest, the taunt, the song has birth.
Wine o'er the soul sheds influence kind.
And gives a summer to the mind!

When rosy wine is seen to flow,
The goblin care takes flight!
Just as a fiend of night,
Departs at morn's celestial glow.
Wine o'er, &c.

There's magic lodged within the grape;
It makes the lover view
His nymph with beauties new;
Gives softness to her air, her shape!
Wine o'er, &c.

SONG.—MR. INCLEDON.

THOUGH seldom I that form can view,
No rival's charms can mine subdue:
His passions will not bear a test,
With the true homage of his breast.

If he who feels the tropic sun,
Retires to shades its warmth to shun;
The dweller of the polar shores,
Ne'er sees it shine, but he adores.

GLEE.—MESS. INCLEDON, BOWDEN, JOHNSTONE, AND LINTON.

O WHY to be happy a moment forbear,
From a dread that a sorrow may fall to our share?
Why look for night when the sun's in its noon?
For come care when it will, we shall know it too soon.

On the blyth minutes past, no regret will we shed,
But welcome with wine those who come in their stead;
And time bearing witness, to give us our due,
Shall own that we sprinkled his wings as he flew.

AIR. — DUO, MESSRS. INCLEDON AND BOWDEN.

THE seamen, who of wars may tell,
On many a distant winter's night,
Shall feel his heart with rapture swell,
Rememb'ring he partook this fight;
And his full can shall toast the day,
When Howe to victory led the way.

His

His tale the hearers shall not tire,
But all with mark, with glow divine
Their names to keep up daring fire,
And those who broke the Gallic line;
And many a can shall toast the day,
When Howe to vict'ry led the way.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DUCE, AN OLD POINTER.

PITY the sorrows of your poor old dog,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require;
Permit her still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

Oft for your sport I brush'd the morning dew,
Oft rang'd the stubble where the partridge lay;
Well-pleas'd I labour'd;—for I toil'd for you,
Nor wish'd for respite till the setting day.

With you, my good old master! have I rov'd,
Or up the hill, or down the murm'ring brook;
When game was near no joint about me mov'd.—
I strove to guess your wishes by your look.

While you with busy care, prepar'd the gun,
I frisk'd and sported by my master's side,
Obey'd with ready eye your sign to run,
Yet still abhorr'd the thoughts of ranging wide.

O these were days! be they remember'd still!
Pleas'd I review the moments that are past;
I never hurt the gander by the mill,
Nor saw the miller's wife stand all aghast.

I never slunk from the good farmer's yard;
The tender chicken liv'd secure for me;
Though hunger prest, I never thought it hard,
Nor left you whistling underneath the tree.

These days, alas! no longer smile on me,
No more I snuff the morning's scented gale,
No more I hear the gun with wonted glee,
Or scour with rapture through the sedgy vale.

For, now, old age relaxes all my frame,
Un-nerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes,
Forbids my once-swift feet the road to fame,
And the fond crust, alas! untasted, lies.

Then take me to your hospitable fire,
There let me dream of thousand coveys slain,
There rest, till all the pow'rs of nature tire,
Nor dread an age of misery and pain.

Let me with Driver †, my old faithful friend,
Upon his bed of straw, sigh out my days!
So blessings on your head shall still descend,
And, well as pointer can, I'll sing your praise.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Duce,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require,
Permit him still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

SHOOTING.

THE SNIPE.

WHERE shining rills, with copious moisture, feed
The deeper verdure of th' irriguous mead,
Or where between the purple heath, is seen
The mossy bosom of the low ravine,
The fearful snipes, hid from the searching eye,
'Mid the dark sedge and nodding rushes lie;
With sudden turns oblique, when first they rise
As from the weaver's arm the shuttle flies,
They shape their wav'ring course: — but patient stay,
Till, with securer wing, they soar away;
Then as aloft their outstretch'd pinions sail,
Borne on the bosom of the buoyant gale,
The fatal shot, sent forth with cautious sight,
Shall bring them wheeling from their tow'ring flight.

TRIGGER.

EPITAPH,

Designed for T—— K——, an honest Actor.

FROM Tom's first entrance into life,
Thro' many a rugged scene,
And many a long and lingering act,
He kept the golden mean!

Upright

---

† A favourite horse.

Upright and downright were the parts,
He chiefly lov'd to play,
And in the best of properties,
Poor Tom's first pleasure lay.

His author's text, no prompter near,
He seldom wander'd from,
And now to mount a better stage,
Speratur, exit Tom!
Birmingham, Nov. 10, 1794.

EPITAPH FOR A FAVOURITE MONKEY,

(Belonging to some beautiful sisters) who died of a pulmonary consumption.

FAREWELL, poor mimic pug! depriv'd of breath,
Epitome of Man, in person—actions—death*;
Like him, too, from thy nation wert thou torn,
And o'er the the vast abyss of ocean borne;
But not like him to slav'ry wert thou led,
Thy hours were gay, and sweet thy daily bread:
The loveliest maids from harm thy days kept free,
By truant boys more monkey like than thee;
They strew'd thy path with flowers—but now thy bier
They deck with yew, and drop the tender tear.
Thy tricks—thy fun—thy arch grimace—are flown,
But this, thy honour'd grave, shall make thy talents known.
Nailsworth, 1794. COGNATUS.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

YOU seem to have entirely overlooked the fascinating *sport* of kissing, permit me to call it to your remembrance: if the following translation is worthy a place in your Magazine, it will be a gratification to see it there, to

Your's, &c.

C. B,

Johannis secundus. Basum 3.

Da mihi suæviolum (dicebam) blanda puella,
Libâsti labris mox mea labia tuis,
Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora, repente meo vellis ab ore procul,
Non hoc suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum,
Est desiderium flebiles suaviolum.

---

* It is generally remarked that most of these animals die so.

TRANSLATED.

"Give me a kiss, bewitching maid"
I cry'd, one little kiss;
On mine your luscious lips you laid
With sweet impassion'd bliss.

Then as the swain recoils in haste
To shun the trodden snake,
You just allow your sweets to taste,
And quick my arms forsake.

Is this, my life, the kiss I claim?
This but augment, the fire,
That glides thro' ev'ry glowing vein,
Inflaming fond desire.

CYMON B.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE elegy of Ovid, of which the following is a translation, may perhaps be thought worthy of a corner in your entertaining Miscellany; as it informs us of the *sport* in which the old Romans used to indulge during the heat of the summer in a warm climate. I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

THE TRANSLATOR.

Great Parndon, Essex,
Nov. 12, 1794.

CONCUBITUS CORINNÆ.

Ovid Elegy V. *Book* I.

The mid-day sun its hottest influence shed,
And o'er the couch my weary limbs I spread.
The breeze fan'd curtain from the window swell'd,
The air admitted, and the heat expell'd,
'Twas such a light as when the evening grey
Droops at the signal of departing day.
A light by bashful damsels duly sought
When lovers press, and amorous tricks are taught;
True to this hour of love Corinna came,
In loose attire she veil'd her comely fame.
Her flowing locks in curling eddies play'd,
And o'er her shoulders wanton'd as they strayed,
So look'd Semiramis of lustful fame,
Such to her youthful lovers Lais came.
Quick from the nymph her envious robes I tore,
Who struggling fought, yet all my rudeness bore;
Who half contented, pleas'd to yield the palm,
False to her frowns, amidst resentment calm,
Naked she stood!—my eyes enchanted see
Beauty's best form, love's perfect symmetry,

What

What graceful shoulders! arms how sweetly
scan'd!
Breasts rising full to meet her lover's hand!
Breasts! proudly swelling o'er the plain
below,
Where beds of moss midst snowy borders
grow!
Let one short word suffice "Twas all
divine!
'Twas all to ev'ry sensual purpose, mine.
Let fancy paint our bliss, and may each day
Pass thus Corinna in thine arms away.

I—

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

Kngstanley, Nov, 5th.

I AM just returned from a gentleman's, near Stratford-upon-Avon, who prides himself in his cattle. He has an ox of superior beauty, and, by the bye, sir, a daughter tenfold handsomer.——Nay, ladies; frown not: consult your mythology, and smile again.—However, by a lack of *cash*, and of *gallantry*, these specific treasures are as yet fixtures.

Voici *a Squib on the Occasion.*

Had Damon's ox been left a bull,
Of energy and vigour full,
Inspir'd by mighty JOVE,
B——n had long bewail'd thy loss
EUROPA!—when she saw thee cross
Her Avon—"All for love."*

EPIGRAM.

QUEEN BESS once in council was given
to know,
That a corps of her cavalry fled from the
foe;
But, in telling the tale, it came out unawares,
That the troops were all taylors, and
mounted on mares;
Nay then, cries the queen, let the rogues
run away,
Since I have neither lost MAN nor HORSE
in the fray!

THE BOTTLE;
AN ORIGINAL SONG,
*In Collin's *Evening Brush.*

WHILE nostrums are held out to cure
each disease,
And to parry with pain, or with death, as
we please,
The protector of life, and preserver of ease,
I have ever yet found in a bottle!

For when care, like a clog, hangs about my
poor heart,
And health from the burden seems bent to
depart,
I the mill-stone shake off, and Death draws
back his dart,
When he sees that my doctor's a bottle.

And should love, whose dominion is ever
divine,
Drench my doating fond eyes in a deluge
of brine,
Ev'ry tear that I dropt at bright Venus's
shrine,
Let me drown in the tears of a bottle.

And as pride may prevail, where it ne'er
should take place.
E'er its impulse my portion of prudence
disgrace,
Let me only renounce all her stiff-naked
race,
To bend down the stiff neck of a bottle!

Or should av'rice, the first of all vices I'd
shun,
Shrink the cords of my heart, I'll bet millions
to one,
That they soon shall expand, like the rays
of the sun,
And benevolence spring from a bottle.

And when time with his sythe, and his
silver toupee,
Would my SPIRITS expel from the mansions
of glee,
They triumphant shall float in a glorious
RED SEA!
Which eternally flows from the bottle.

* Being above price.

EPIGRAM.

NOL. Martext, who never the pulpit
could grace,
As he wrapt ev'ry accent quite out of its
place;
'Stead of "Hebrews the tenth and the
twelfth" right announcing,
"He *Brews* ten or twelve" was his mode
of pronouncing!
"He *Brews* ten and twelve" then repeating
once more,
And old drowsy toper, whose nap was just
o'er,
Rub'd his eyes, and roar'd out "Ten and
twelve" Master vicar?
Two or three bushels more, and he'd *Brew*
humming liquor.